War Cry

The All Round the World Salvation Army

AN OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY, CANADA.

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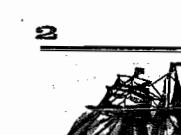
The above picture with its bold and conspicuous words, "By their fruits ye shall know them," coupled with the central scene of all, which depicts so very plainly how our officers do their work, as well as all the other scenes in connection with the interior of both the Rescue and Drunken Women's Homes, really needs very little explanation, and is so plain, and the whole sketch speaks much louder than any human words can express, that one feels lost in trying to make it more plain. However, the central figure of all will really bear a few words of explanation in understanding, and an invitation to help along this blessed work among the outcasts and the fallen, among those whose lives are shattered and and whose hopes are battered through coming into contact with those who, shameless and godless, have led these dear sisters into such deep depths; into such a vortex of sin, woe, drink, and debauchery; and in writing about such evils, one must be plain and outspoken. That such evils exist, that such degraded beings live in a fact, and although we cannot alter this stern truth, thank God there is a remedy for it.

It has been said that there is no bodily disease, no matter how deadly, but can be cured by one or more of the many kinds of herbs which grow, and although sin has fastened such a grip on some of earth's fairest sisters, people who were made in the image of God; although their bodies have been, and are being emaciated, and tortured by their indulgence in open and secret sin, yet amid all this there is a remedy—the precious blood of Calvary's Lamb, and there is a way of escape—the way of the cross. And yet it seems almost folly to write thus, because everybody knows that Jesus has power to forgive and save. Most people who know anything of the Life of Christ, know full well that His mission was to save such sinners, for did He not pardon the woman taken in adultery? and did He not say to the mocking crowd of so-called good people who stood around, "Let him that is without sin cast the first stone?" It is well known, too, that Jesus mixed with publicans and sinners, for He came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance. Yes, all these facts are known and need no comment, but it is also a fact, that Jesus expects Christians to be His representatives in this world of sin, anguish, and despair. And now comes the question, the burning question, "Do the majority of Christ's followers perform Christlike work?" We know that there are thousands of good people in our churches, crowds of those who distribute tracts, visit the sick, and do many other deeds of kindness. God will reward these according to the purity of their motives, but how very few there are who go down into the cess-pools of sin and grapple with the monster in his den. What a small number have courage enough to link arms with the poor fallen girl, or the tottering, debased drunkard on the street, and tell them of the great Deliverer they have in Jesus. True it is, that "by their fruits ye shall know them."

Only a few days ago one of our dear Rescue officers came across a heap of humanity in the shape of a drunken woman. She had fallen into a cellar; with great exertion the true "sister of mercy" helped her out, took her to our little Home, and to-day she is neat, clean, and happy, enjoying the comforts of a good situation. What is more, we believe she is doing her best to serve God, and do what is well pleasing in His sight.

We thank God for our devoted staff of women officers, who are ever ready to brave all kinds of danger in order to *practically* help their fallen sisters, and amid hours of anxiety, toil, and suspense, they are ever on the alert to help and rescue those who, but for such timely and practical aid, would doubtless have been lost and damned for ever. It is a very easy matter for easy-going Christians to rock themselves in their comfortable chairs and sing songs of rescue and invitation to sinners, *but what about the fruits, what about the outcome of such a profession?* Remember, comrades, who are guilty of such actions, you are your sisters' keepers, just as much as the officers who are continually engaged in the brunt of the battle, and demand upon it, if you do not rise to the help of your dear, deluded, perishing, dying sisters, God Almighty will hold you responsible for their souls, and their blood will be upon your shoulders. There is no excuse for you, for if you cannot give your life to this work, you can, no doubt, help it along very materially by giving of your substance. This will be acceptable to God.

Let every Christian, Army officer, and soldier ever remember that they are known not by the amount of talk they do, but *by their fruits.*



Welcome Meetings

OF

COMMISSIONER AND MRS. COOMBS

IN

Melbourne, Australia.

Officers, Soldiers, and Friends, of the Salvation Army in Australia, Affectionately Welcome Commissioner and Mrs. Coombs.

BY OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

The above were the words written on canvas stretching across the entire front of the wide gallery that strung up on one side of the platform of the Melbourne Town Hall, on Monday, Dec. 30th. During our eyes across the huge building, and looking round the gallery at the impelled crowd of intensely interested people, and then round the mass of blue and red S.A. caps and outfits on the platform and seats, at the Commissioner and Mrs. Coombs on the platform, and as scores of tenors, baritones, euphoniums, cornetdons, and the several drums and cymbals, united with the hundreds of voices, sounded out a

"THRAPPING HOPE OF WELCOME,"

succeeded by tremendous volleys from almost the entire congregation, we felt everything was in real S. A. style.

Talk about enthusiasm extraordinary, the most prim seemed to lose all thought of their properness, and let go in the exponent expression of welcome and affection.

For a minute or so nothing could be heard but a grand roar of salvation artillery, but after that Major Hoskins led the only prayer to God, that His blessing might be upon the meeting throughout then.

Col. Pollard (who, I may say, has held the reins in splendid style during the interval of Commissioner Howard's leaving and Commissioner Coombs' coming) came forward, and started the meeting going with the old favorite,

"We're the Army."

It went very well, but somehow the folk didn't appear quite at home, so a wave offering was indulged in, a real proper one, too. The building, I am sure, had never been so decorated before. Of course the platform people waved and sang with energy, and round the entire building handkerchiefs waved, and some of your rheumatiey waves either, real lively, all arms and legs waving.

"Now, Mr. Colonel, "some of you may not have handkerchiefs, well

WAVE YOUR 'WAR CRY,'

and if that isn't enough for some of you blood-and-fire people, wave both," and they waved.

Major Lindsay and Spratt followed with prayer; also the Commissioner, and then Major Barritt solved,

"O Calvary's stream,"

though it was difficult to restrain the mass of people from running away with it.

Major Graham read that very appropriate chapter, Joshua 1st, and judging by the enthusiasm his comments were received, with the should of them, was no fear in any heart about the change of Commissioners, but as God had been with the old one, He would be with the new.

"Now, forward soldiers," and "We're marching on to war," sung with the clapping accompaniment, and this nicely paved the way for

Major Wright's characteristic address. The Major represented the Victoria Eastern Division, and was sure the Commissioner would not get anywhere else such a welcome as in Melbourne. (Brigadier Kilbey's face was here a study, and there was certain twinkle in his eye which said, "Wait until you see the reception in Sydney!") The Major, in a stirring and passionate address, expressed the pleasure it gave him to welcome Commissioner and Mrs. Coombs, to Australia.

Rev. Mr. Crisp, President of the Wesleyan Conference, spoke of his benevolence and personality, very warmly

"BECOMING THE COMMISSIONER

to our country, and we. He said it always did him good to come to the Salvation Army. He was a great admirer of the Salvation Army, and he firmly believed in our military regulation of changing officers, for it gave life to the meeting. He was sorry that his position he had borrowed from his brother divine, Mr. Coombs, was so far removed ready to the sun for fixed attention, for if which was that they lost light to other bodies." (Laughter.)

The Commissioner, in the course of his subsequent speech, said:

"Mr. Crisp says that the Methodists, like the sun, have lost the Salvation Army light, in the shape of fire. Well, if that power is regarded as a sufficient reason for the church, for we have paid liberal interest, and, no doubt, have paid back the capital as well." (Laughter.)

After a song and collection Brigadier Kilbey, from over the border, came forward, and in the name of the hundreds of officers and soldiers and friends in New South Wales, bade the Commissioner a real blood-and-fire welcome. The Commissioner and he were old friends, having met on the Old Country battlefield; but with his usual earnestness said (first) "If I had not known him and his dear wife before, I should accept their word from all quarters, and I would let it be a great benefit to assist them in winning souls for God."

The Commissioner sang and breathless silence:

"Oh, the peace the Savior gives,
Peace I never knew before,
All my way has brighter grown
Since I've found the Savior more."

It was powerful and took immensely. Mrs. Commissioner Coombs was greeted with rousing cheers all sides, as she joined the platform, and spoke a few words. She said:

"As you have been opening your hearts to receive us, and as you have given us such a hearty welcome, I feel also been opening ourselves you." In a very touching address Mrs. Coombs appealed to the sympathetic audience, and spoke herself upon at her sister. The attention was marked as she asked the question, "Will you

SHAPE AS AN YOUR SISTER?"

Although the vast crowd did not rise en masse and shout, "Yes!" yet we felt that the spirit was there, and a number more, already, our Commissioner, who has a place in thousands of people's hearts, and in prayer, for a warm welcome, was over the way on. Mrs. Coombs is very warmly attached to the Rescue Work, and very knowledge related to the old branch of S. A. warfare.

The new Commissioner then came forward and was received with loud volleys and gun thunderings, and enthusiastic outpouring of welcome, said:

"Mr. Chairman, and dear friends, dear friends, I thank you very much for the magnificent welcome you have given us. I have never had a more welcome, or even the way on. Mrs. Coombs is very warmly attached to the Rescue Work

WAR NOTES!

Yes, I have a note of victory to give this week. Ever be our war cry, "Victory!" but, since I last penned my notes, comrades, how many times have you been defeated? If you don't watch and pray the devil will trip you up.

BE LOYAL!

The outlook for the grand old S. A. is better than ever it was. Men and devils have picked at it, its enemies have done their best to make it topple over, but their efforts have failed and the old structure stands sure because it's built on the Rock. Hallelujah!

BE LOYAL!

What a poor, mean lot we should be if it was all smooth sailing, and how nice it would suit some if we settled down into a jog-trot, don't-care society, a sort of sleepy, nominal concern. We should get lots of patting on the back, plenty of worldly praise; but we keep on the separate track, and we win.

BE LOYAL!

Can it be true that Capt. Seektoplease, through fear of of offending Grandmother Scrtledown, has actually ceased to sell WAR CRYS in his public meetings, or is he too clerical to bravely and boldly throw a bundle of CRYS over his arm and push them into every house? Query.

BE LOYAL!

"Oh, Lord! help me to give You a good character, and help me to remember that at all times and under all circumstances, I have, to a very great extent, Thy character in my hands." So prayed an officer very recently; and I think there is a wonderful meaning in the burning words which compose this short prayer. Lord, help us all to see it.

BE LOYAL!

Comrades, I have said it often before and I say it again, that "there is no place like home." Many who have left our ranks, both officers and soldiers, seem to think so, for they still continue to buzz and flutter around, and I am not surprised; in short, the only harm I can wish them is that they will soon retrace their steps, again board the old ship, and never quit her till she sinks ——. The time of this disaster is a conundrum.

BE LOYAL!

"Because God is at my right hand I shall not be moved." David had this place, and a good many officers and soldiers, too, can claim this position; but how many there are through their own unfaithfulness and shallow lives, get round on the left hand side of God down here, and if not very careful they will find themselves on the Judge's left at the Great White Throne. Beware, my comrades!

BE LOYAL!

Thank God, that already, through the new Enquiry Scheme, we have succeeded in finding one person whose friends in Scotland have been made acquainted with the glad news ere this. Will you just refer to the heading, "A New Scheme," in this issue, and if you know anything of the whereabouts of any of these missing ones let the Commissioner know immediately. It is a great work.

BE LOYAL!

Yes, we have a paper printed in the French language and published in Montreal for the special benefit of the French Canadians, but its circulation should be ten times greater than it is. Could not our officers who are stationed among the French take advantage of their privileges and order a supply. It is a neatly got up paper, and contains valuable news as to the war in Lower Canada. Now, buy the *En Avant*.

BE LOYAL!

I see by the latest English "War Cry" that "Our Bob" (Staff-Capt. McHardy) has been appointed A. D. C. to Major Hodder of the Birmingham Division. Let every Canadian officer and soldier, pray that God will give him great success in his new sphere of labors. I noticed, too, that he was chosen as Canada's representative at the bedside of dear Mrs. Booth. God bless Bob. Personally, I should like to shake his hand.

BE LOYAL!

And then Colonel and Mrs. Bailey were accorded a big welcome at Regent Hall, the corps at which the Colonel graduated as soldier, sergeant, etc. You will see that there is an account of this meeting in this issue of the CRY. Where the Colonel is going to next, and what he is going to do, future WAR CRYS will, no doubt, divulge the secret.

BE LOYAL!

Many of our readers, no doubt, knew Capt. Willie Brokenshire, of Kingston; he had several station appointments in the Dominion, and also worked at Headquarters for quite a time. He, with his wife (for he is now married) are at present in England, and from what I hear he will be one of the pioneers of the Army work in Japan. Canadians, pray for them.

BE LOYAL!

I happen to know one of our Army bandsmen who has recently been passing through deep waters. His parents have discarded him altogether, and writes him saying, that as long as he keeps connected with the S. A. they never will recognise him as a son; yet, amid all this, and with tears in his eyes, he told me of the blessed determination he had to go on, and of the great satisfaction he found in knowing that Jesus would never go back on him. God bless Sam.

BE LOYAL!

A report from P—— says that a man without feet has recently got saved in that place, and the report goes on to say that he is a pedlar. Well, God bless him. Our Saviour is no respecter of people, and it will be far better for this dear fellow to enter heaven without feet than to go to the place of torment with two sound feet. God bless you, brother.

BE LOYAL!

The C. H. T. B. boys are having good times on this tour. Their hearts are being much cheered by seeing souls saved. A glance at their notes in this CRY will give you an idea as to the success attending their meetings, and then their new song book takes the cake, and they keep sending for more. I trust every comrade will remember Adjt. Leonard and the boys at the Throne of Grace.

BE LOYAL!

The series of opening meetings held in the new barracks at Dovercourt, Toronto, have been very successful. The Chief and Mrs. Young were present at the Saturday, Sunday, and Monday meetings. I believe Commissioner Coatsworth and Alderman Moses, as well as Major Margetts, and all the rest of that happy company, enjoyed themselves at the Monday night jubilee, especially when those kind friends donated the money to help defray expenses. Surely the Queen City is being besieged by Salvationists. God save the world.

WAR SCRIBE.

I WILL NOT!

I WILL NOT be discouraged, for I am satisfied that He who has promised, is able to fulfil and give me grace to conquer, through every difficulty and every strife. Hallelujah to the Lamb.

I WILL NOT fear the foe, no matter how great and mighty he may appear. He who is for me is more than all who are against me. Therefore, I have no cause to tremble, but march steadily onward and upwards.

I WILL NOT doubt the Almightiness of Him Who has made heaven and earth, and Who has wrought such a glorious change in my heart. I would rather doubt my existence than the power of God to save the world from its sorrows.

I WILL NOT sit idly by while tens of thousands of poor perishing humanity drift by me into an eternity full of misery and darkness for the unsaved; but the service (saving souls) of God shall be my choice, and, God helping me, His will shall be first.

I WILL NOT rest content with my present experience, but I will "seek and find" more of the bread of heaven to enable me to become a greater spiritual giant, to cope with the surrounding devilishness, and gain more strength to wield the sword of God's Spirit.

I WILL NOT be a stumbling block, but will seek not only to love my God, but my neighbor as myself. I fully realize, unless I do this, I cannot call myself a child of God; but will be outside the pale of mercy.

I WILL NOT forget that "to visit the fatherless and widow" is called by God's Word "pure religion and undefiled." Therefore, I will seek to put in as much visitation as I possibly can, to enable me not only to please my God, but help my neighbor.

I WILL NOT be a grumbler to annoy and keep away from the fold of Christ those who live with me day by day; but I will give thanks in everything. In difficulties, in disappointments, in warfare, and in all. I am convinced a grumbling devil is one which soon upsets people; therefore, I will shun it and be cheerful and content.

I WILL NOT run away, no matter how hard the fight and cross is. Because, in running away from one cross, I shall only be confronted with sorrow of a far more cutting character, which will give me endless misery. I will stick if I die. This is only renewing my consecration of years ago.

I WILL NOT make any compromise with the devil, but go in for real out and out devil driving, and expose him and his work wherever I may be sent, and tell of a Saviour who can save to the uttermost all those who believe in His name.

I WILL NOT try to be anything else than a Salvationist, saved from sin, nor put anything on and try to make people believe I am a "parson." No, no, no, I'll stick to the good old principle of being a Salvationist.

I WILL NOT sleep in bed when I ought to be at knee drill. But I will, by the grace of God, rise and pray, and be one among the number of early risers to wait upon the Lord to get my strength renewed, and do all I can to save the world.

I WILL NOT sit still in a meeting and not give my testimony, if I have the slightest chance. To sit still makes the devil have the opinion that I am ashamed of my colors, and afraid to testify of the precious Blood of Jesus that has cleansed me from sin.

I WILL NOT be a coward, but a man, and take my stand and proclaim the riches of His Grace, and lead as many as I can into the same path that Christ has led me into; but as for helping the devil — I WILL NOT.

Officers' Column!

BY COMMISSIONER.

Carelessness is of the devil.

SELL THE WAR CRY!

The devil has many a subtile way of hindering people, and this carelessness is one. Beware of it.

SELL THE WAR CRY!

Never prize anything more than Christ; if you do you are doomed to certain failure and defeat.

SELL THE WAR CRY!

Steady, now! Don't rush blindly at anything. You are on very important business, and while it demands haste it does not demand blindness or foolishness.

SELL THE WAR CRY!

Always remember our work has to pass a very keen inspection, and unless it is of the first-class quality it will be condemned. The Inspector is one who notices very small flaws, and the least thing wrong will not escape Him.

SELL THE WAR CRY!

Never sleep spiritually one moment. The devil may so take hold of you that the moment's sleep may mean an eternity of endless doom, if not to you, to some poor passer by on the way to God's great bar.

SELL THE WAR CRY!

Don't get into a grudging sort of way in regard to your visiting. Do it because this is reckoned "pure religion and undefiled" to visit the fatherless, not by men, but by God.

SELL THE WAR CRY!

If you have any regret on filling up your report-form when you come the visitation question, don't merely say, "I am sorry," but go and do better.

WHAT IS YOUR SOUL LIKE?

Keep your eye on Jesus and your soul full of heaven and I can say with assurance you will be a great power for good in the station you are in.

SELL THE WAR CRY!

Always remember your duty is to awaken the sinner. Make him feel that the judgment day is close at hand.

SELL THE WAR CRY!

Don't try to please them particularly; always try to drive in the knife of God Almighty's truth, and give them such a cutting as to make them miserable.

SELL THE WAR CRY!

Is your heart big enough to take in the wide world? Some people are so lost in their own poor little troubles as to forget there are many thousands more in far greater difficulties, and have more to contend with. They have a kind of "only remember me, Lord" sort of religion, like the Yorkshireman who could only take in his own friends, and said,

"Lord, bless me and my wife,
Our Jack and his wife;
Us four and no more.—Amen."

SELL THE WAR CRY!

Oh, for a universal heart that can pray for all mankind.

How are you shaping for the Eternal Morning?

Tit Triumphs

— IN THE —

Training Home Division

The war rolls on! The spirit of God is in our midst and many comrades have come down to real hard fighting to save the lost. We are pledged to win or die.

A recent convert was asked, "How do you know that you are saved?" The answer she gave was, "I am a servant, and before I got saved if I met with an accident and broke anything I would hide it away from my mistress and say nothing about it. The other day I broke some crockery and I had to go and tell my mistress and felt it was nothing but right for me to replace it."

A gentleman was asked, "Why do you buy the WAR CRY?" The answer was: "Well, really, the officer who brings it comes such a long way to my house, and is so good, that I could not have the heart to refuse him lest it should discourage him." Does your goodness and industry recommend you to the dying world of sinners, reader? Before you will have any power or influence in recommending Christ your life must commend itself to the world.

Cadet Fitzpatrick is very sick and in the hospital. Will every comrade please pray for her.

A Sunday has been put in at the Temple lately. God's spirit was with us from morn till night and many got mightily blessed. We wound up with three in the fountain, or rather, with a real blood-and-fire march round the interior after it was over.

The spacious auditorium was nicely filled and there was perfect silence, when Bro. C—— rises and says: "Dear friends, I rise to my feet to make this declaration. Three years ago I gave my heart to God, and from then till last spring I loved Jesus with all my heart, and was a soldier in this corps and used to play in the band, but I got dissatisfied and thought that I could serve God out of the Army. I went out into the world, and as far as it could give me I had its pleasures and happiness, but I was a miserable man, and I am determined to hold out no longer. I intend to go back to my old place and be a soldier again. I have not lost my hold on God altogether, I love Jesus, but I want to say that I feel humble enough to go to the penitent form, and that is where I am now going to get right."

God put His seal on David and filled his soul with peace and joy, while many a soldier's breast swelled with deep gratitude and strange emotion, savoring very much of the joy of heaven. How could we do any thing less than have a blood-and-fire march after the likes of that?

On Thursday last we had another enrolment at the Temple, and among the twelve who stood to the front in this interesting ceremony was David, who declared that he was happier that night than he had been for months previous. God bless him.

No less than six of the Headquarters' Staff have given their names in to be soldiers at the Temple and very honorably preferred (though really unnecessary) to be enrolled in order to be true examples to others. Ensigns M. S. Neal and G. Wee, Capts. Goulds and Stark, and Lieuts. Elliott and McMillan are their names. God make them each a mighty power in the Temple corps.

The soul boom in the T. H. Division registers up to Feb. 16th 236. Towards that number the corps have subscribed as follows:—Temple 26, Lippincott 26, Richmond St. 24, Ottawa 20, Lisgar St. 18, Yorkville 18, Brantford 17, Riverside 14, West Toronto Junction 10, Parkdale 8, Arthur St. 8, Centre St. 6, Eglinton 3, and the cadets in the Lippincott and Yorkville Homes have got 8 saved while visiting. Glory be to God! But, comrades, we must "Gird on the armor and rush to the field" with more desperate zeal if we are to win the 20,000 we aim at. Who will be the champion soul-winner?

Dovercourt is opened. The new and little barracks is a credit to the builder and the S. A. The north-west Torontonians crowded it at the opening meetings, and God put His seal upon it by saving three souls.

There is going to be a big work in Dovercourt I believe, and before all the opening services are over the soul boom will register higher. Look out for the full report.

J. E. MARGETTS, Major.

Signs and Wonders

— AT —

WOODSTOCK.

The D. O., Adjt. Plant, and a Host of Officers to the Front.

Big Crowds — A Fine Band — In Prison—Eight Souls—The Devil in a Fix.

BY TOM PLANT.

The recent week-end spent at Woodstock was simply glorious; heaven on earth from first to last. There was a talk that the Army was going down in this town, but,

Don't You Believe It,

I can assure you it's going up, and we could sing in truth, "See our numbers how they swell."

Saturday night the band was to the front in full force, and a fine band it is, too; full uniform, smiling faces, and the fire burning brightly inside. The principal street of the town was alive with strains of Salvation music and singing. It did my soul good to see such a crowd of people inside, and I don't think any of them were sorry for coming for it was a great meeting. I thought salvation was good before, but I was compelled to shout,

It's Getting Better.

As one after another testified I lifted up my my heart in thankfulness and praise to God for the wonderful trophies of grace that had been won.

We rejoiced over one sinner returning to the fold.

Sunday morning found a goodly number at 7 o'clock knee-drill partaking of the showers of blessings that God showered down.

Every Sunday morning a service is held in the prison led by Salvationists, and I was very glad of the opportunity of accompanying my comrades and speaking a word for Jesus

Within the Prison Walls.

It was a touching sight to see people of almost every age in that prison, some of them for crimes committed. The Lord was with us in power and helped each soldier to say something which I believe sank into the hearts of many of that sad congregation, and will be the means of their salvation.

Staff-Capt. Sharpe was in good trim for the holiness meeting and did not mince matters in laying down the plan of holiness. Our dear comrade Adjt. Evans, and also Capts. Peard and Thompson, together with a good number of soldiers, testified to being in possession of a clean heart.

There is one thing I specially noticed about the Woodstock corps and that was the systematic way in which everything is carried out. Everybody seemed to be "on time," both to the inside meetings and marches, and each one knew exactly what to do.

We had a wonderful time in the afternoon free-and-easy. The crowd was so large that the galleries had to be thrown open and I was told that the afternoon and night congregations were the largest they had had for two years. This I thought was a good sign and proved that the Army was still marching onward and upward.

The testimonies came thick and fast, and altogether it was a regular

"Bombshell Time."

We came up to the night meeting in great faith for souls, and as the first song was sung we felt the presence of the living God in our midst. Wave after wave of power came down, and when the prayer meeting commenced every soldier seemed to take hold of God, and He, who never fails, gave us the victory. First one and then another came and knelt at the feet of the Redeemer and we had the joy of seeing THREE penitent souls crying for mercy. Hallelujah!

Although tired in body, we went to our homes full of rejoicing for the victories that had been won.

Early on Monday morning Salvationists were running to and fro. Said a man to us as we walked along the street, "This will be a big day with you folks." So it was.

The officers came in for a Council led by the new D. O., and a real heaven on earth time it was.

A march at five o'clock being an exceptional thing caused a great commotion. That banquet was grand. What a crowd of people, and how happy they all looked! I must say I enjoyed it especially that

Cup [illegible]

The night was rather damp, but notwithstanding this the band and soldiers came out in full force for a rattling good march.

The barracks was again crowded. A good number of soldiers from the surrounding corps made up the number. The meeting was full of interest from first to last, and everything went off with a bang. The testimonies of the officers were encouraging and not one of them were sorry that they were on the Lord's side.

The D.O. was in his glory, and I'm sure I was. It was beautiful. The band boys couldn't help smiling, and I don't wonder at it. The first part of the meeting was to see three more precious souls in the Fountain.

The "boys" gathered round me for another solo with the banjo, and I felt rather comical perched on the top of a seat surrounded by the crowd, they are a fine lot of boys, though; God bless them! I believe many of them are going to be Blood-and-fire soldiers yet.

There was a good number stayed behind for the half-night of prayer, and another soul sought the Saviour.

Staff-Capt. Sharp, is full of anticipation and hope for mighty things to be accomplished in Woodstock and District.

Capt. Knight and Lieut. Greenman are in charge, and under their leadership, things are booming. A post card to hand shows that four souls were saved on Tuesday night.

Cadet Meston who has been fighting in the Corps for some time past, has just farewelled.

I left Woodstock at 8 o'clock Tuesday morning, and shall look forward to the time when I shall be privileged to again visit this Blood-and-fire Corps.

During two or three of the meetings at Huntington, Ind., rocks were thrown on the roof of the barracks (rink). The city marshal heard of it, and immediately advertised in the local papers, offering $5 reward for the conviction of the offenders, which reward he declares he will pay out of his own pocket. God bless him! Other city marshals take notice.

Commissioner Hanna Ouchterloney, the leader of our forces in Sweden and Norway, recently consecrated the new barracks at Sundsvall erected in place of the old building that was burnt. There were twenty-seven souls at the opening meetings. Commissioner Ouchterloney is the daughter of a banker. It is about seven years since we first opened fire there, and there are now 83 corps and 263 officers.

Major Whatmore has opened another corps in the great western city of Chicago. Surely this American Major has lots of Salvation dash and go, and we heartily congratulate him. God save Chicago!

A cat and tin-pot combination is reported to have taken rather a prominent part in the disturbance of a meeting at Middleton, Conn. The noise was a success until an old lady captured pussy and held her tight, continuing to do so to the end of the meeting. What will the devil go into next?

The Geneva *Cri de Guerre* says:—"Major Percy Clibborn recently said to the Neuchatel soldiers, 'The first time I put on my uniform I did it only because I was a soldier of the Salvation Army, but since I have worn it, I have better understood the right reasons for wearing it, and now it is a part of my existence. The Salvation Army has become my skin! I am a Redskin!'"

Major Evans, of New York, has secured another hall in Brooklyn, seating some 400 people. It is fully seated, and the Major hopes soon to have another corps in full swing in the City of Churches. He also reports the capture of a hall at Passaic, N.J., and intends to open fire immediately.

Seven hundred field officers farewelled in Great Britain on Sunday, February 23rd. The International Candidates' Department will receive from Commissioner Howard eighty cadets for commissioning—forty men and forty women.

Col. Lawley is appointed to take charge of the Candidates' Department, and of the Candidates of the United Kingdom. He will also take charge of the people who ought to offer but have not done so. For this purpose, a series of meetings and demonstrations is being planned throughout the kingdom. Mrs. Lawley will co-operate, and intends holding meetings and interviewing Candidates. The Colonel will not leave the spiritual work in which he has been so successful, but will link it to his new department as a sort of dynamo fly-wheel. We confidently expect a crowd of hallelujah, blood-and-fire Candidates. Three cheers for Col. and Mrs. Lawley and the Candidates.

Major Tyler has landed at the Cape. He had a rough passage, and through an awkward fall was quite lame on his arrival. He is, however, coming round, and in company with a Dutchman, is attacking the Dutch people at the Cape.

As we go to press our report from Clacton is to the effect that the past week has been very similar to the one that preceded it. Yesterday, serious hemorrhage again took place, and Mrs. Booth is at the present time consequently much reduced in strength. The disease gains ground continually, and the suffering is, alas, much the same.

She again sends thanks for prayers and sympathy, and love to all.

The International Chief Secretary had a gathering last week of his own people for special prayer. We had a mighty time. The meeting commenced at half-past six and closed at a quarter to nine, with a sort of feeling that we had been going about half-an-hour.

Iceland's population of seventy thousand is exclusively Protestant. It has no theatre, no prison, no police, no justices of the peace, no roughs, no saloons, and we are sorry to say, no Salvation Army. This country is by no means too cold for us, and some day we shall be found lifting up the banner on high in this northern region.

Another hallelujah publican. A saloon keeper who used to pay the corner boys to annoy the Army at Cleveland, Ohio, has just been saved. We shall have to have a census taken some day of all our hallelujah people who have been in the public-house line.

Not half a bad idea. It is a case of America to the front again. We learn that the CRY boomers of Elgin, Ill., dropped into the police station just as the officials were receiving their salaries. The men of the yellow, red, and blue were received kindly, and a number of CRYS were purchased. The police marshal gave the boomers an invitation to come again.

Among the candidates for officers in Sweden are two students of Upsala University.

The Melbourne *War Cry* (Australia) says that the Royal Guards (thirty men cadets in training for officers) were just reaching the end of a march of some 300 miles. Although there had been considerable heat during part of the time they were out, and some severe storms at others, only two had been compelled to leave their companions on account of sickness, and these, fortunately, were not serious cases.

The testimony of the editor of the New Zealand *War Cry* in his Christmas number:

"Careless cockney—spendthrift scapegrace—penitent prodigal—sanctified soldier—out-and-out officer—energetic editor.

"Staff-Officer GRINLING."

How history repeats itself! Noah finished up the deluge with a spree, and Johnstown, Pa., has opened fifty-one saloons since the flood. Noah repented, and the Secretary trusts that Johnstown will do likewise, before something worse shall come upon it.

Staff-Captain McHardy, formerly A.D.C. to Major Richards, to be A.D.C. to Major Hodder, Birmingham Division, so says the latest mother *Cry*.

NEXT WEEK'S "WAR CRY" will contain an account of Commissioner Coombs' Welcome — IN — BRISBANE!

SOUL Boom! Boom!

BY WEE BOOMER.

Be wise concerning your
S O U L
By Making
Sure Of yoUr Loyalty to God through the Merits of the blood of Jesus, and prayerfully meditate upon the following

SIMPLE PROPORTION SUM.

Y. H. : Y. W. = Y. S. : Y. Z.

Read Y for your, H for heart, W for work, S for success in soul-saving, Z for zeal, and you will find that, as your heart is to your work of soul-saving, so will be your success to your zeal for the same; therefore, by all means, let us have our hearts in the healthiest spiritual condition with God, counting nothing too dear as a sacrifice on our part for the price of a soul. Praise God the price has been paid by the shed blood, and what we, as children of the living God, need to do is to show the receipt to a dying world. There is the written receipt which is the Word itself—bless the Lord for this—but there is also another form of receipt which is so very convincing, and it is that one which is "read and known of all men": a life of fearless faith proved by works is the thing that is going to back home the Word of God every time, and it behoves us as branches of the Vine to suck in all the life-giving sap from the root which shall keep our tendrils nimble that we may be able to hold on most successfully to God in prayer and sanctified determination to be overcomers of every apparent impediment that may seem to block the way.

What a very stimulating thought it is to "laugh up your sleeve" at the world and the devil, knowing as we do that we are on the winning side and are going to conquer if we keep on the track, even as the locomotive is sure of its right destination if it keeps on the right track.

Oh, no, we don't forget to give God all the glory for the total number of souls He has led us to help Him save from the start of the boom, but although we are beautifully satisfied with our Master in every respect, we are not satisfied with the present result of our labors and feel quite sure that the arm of God has not become shortened, nor is He one bit less interested in the soul boom. We do believe though that He is able to use us in a far greater measure than in the past, and that this should be so is very evident if we are to arrive at the mark we are aiming at.

May the Lord Himself intervene and help us to put our swords into the enemy right up to the hilt, sparing none of the "fat cattle," but slashing right and left until the glorious end is accomplished.

What a mistake it is to conclude that because no-body comes out to the penitent-form for the first three-quarters of an hour of the prayer meeting that nobody is coming. I fancy the best thing is, more especially for every so-called corps, to hold on to God while there is a sinner left in the building, and then be sure to follow up next day the impression made on the previous night, by visiting the deeply convicted ones, and pleading with them yet again. Persistency will do it; the love of God will tell; the power of the Holy Ghost must win. Discouragements will be many, apparent defeats not a few, but the old grand old truth stands firmer than Everest or Mount Blanc, that the Holy Ghost is more than a match for the devil.

List of Souls Saved up to February 14th.

Training Home Division	236
Montreal & Ottawa "	191
Hamilton "	156
Newfoundland "	150
East. Div., West N.S. Dist	140
Peterboro Division	137
East. Div., East N.S. Dist	133
Chatham Division	119
London & Stratford "	112
East. Div., N. B. District	109
Barrie Division	97
Toronto "	90
Woodstock "	88
Man. & B. C. "	79
Kingston "	75
East. Div., T. H. District	67
Palmerston Division	54
Quebec (French) "	4

Total Number, 2,037.

Newfoundland reports are not complete owing to the difficulty in transit.

We are sorry to have to say the same concerning the Western Division for the same reason.

Montreal and Ottawa, Eastern T. H. and West N. S. Divisions are also one week behind.

Now, D. O's, please do your level best to let us have your reports and keep on booming with all your might for the 20,000

THE FAREWELL

At the Ambitious City

OF

D. O. SWEETMAN AND WIFE.

Three Days' Council of War—Farewell Supper—Staff-Capt. Read to the Front.

At last the farewell meetings of D. O. Sweetman and wife have come. Staff-Capt. Read arrived for Sunday's meetings, and God helped him to impart unto us some rich spiritual blessings. The "War Cry" man is a welcome visitor to our Ambitious City.

D. O. Sweetman and wife took the reins on Monday, and we were to have three days' council of war. Our faith ran high; and God did not disappoint us. It was good to be there. The D. O. was indeed very sick, but God held him up right to the last, and from him flowed words of wisdom spoken by God. I think, never did we realise our position as at that time; yet there seemed to be something strange about these councils when we thought of it being (at least for a time) the last we would have the pleasure of being in with our beloved D. O. and wife, yet we know God doeth all things well. Ever green in our memory will be the exhortation given us to stand steadfast, and every heart responded, "I will." While we miss our D. O. we know the lassies will miss Mrs. Sweetman; her sympathy and words of cheer have been, and will be, cherished by all.

An invitation was given us all to attend the farewell supper given D. O. and Mrs. Sweetman. About two hundred sat down to tea, soldiers, officers, and some of Hamilton's leading men and women—these are our friends.

After tea there were five friends appointed to take the platform; two government officials, Ex-Alderman Thos. Lees and Mr. J. Mathews, Mr. Green, and Mr. Applegath, two leading merchants, the latter taking the chair.

The farewell tea and meeting was a blessed treat. Some testimonies and solos were given and a few farewell words from the D. O. and wife and we close, thanking God for a most blessed time. Of course, many were the hands stretched out to grasp and shake the hands of our leaders, while we thank God for allowing us the privilege of following such blessed comrades as D. O. and wife. God bless them much! And now we wait for their successors, and with ready hearts we stand to greet them, knowing that we have been made better warriors by our past experience, and we are looking for greater victories in the near future.

ROVER.

PALMERSTON PICKINGS.

BY ADJUTANT COUSINS.

"Higher up, and higher up,
Above the world and sin;
We're out upon the glory train,
And through the Blood shall win."

Three got enrolled at Wingham on the D. O's last visit. Quite a number have been saved there lately. Boom on, comrades.

Things are looking up at Wroxeter. Five were enrolled there the other night. A splendid time and ONE soul. That and better will do. Boom on.

Four enrolled at Palmerston. May the Lord keep them true to the vows they have made. Capt. Walker said good-bye. Capt. Andrews has taken charge. Souls are seeking mercy. Big times are expected. The crowds are good. Look out for reports.

Kenniston is moving in the right direction; souls are coming to the Cross every week. I was there the other night. We had a splendid time, THREE came out seeking mercy. Boom on. Lots more need salvation here.

The war is being waged at Walkerton by Capt. Miles and Lieut. Horn. Things ought to wake up here—lots of music and song. We had a good beginning the night I was there. TWO souls cried for mercy, and another who came out with one of the penitents was not obeying God, so I whispered in her ear, "Will you tell God you'll obey Him." She did, and got the victory, and testified that she was going to be what she ought to be—that is a proper soldier.

Paisley.—Though none yielded, results will follow. Heads were bowed, hearts were moved. There is victory ahead for Capt. Hayes and Lieut. Faskin who have just taken charge.

News just to hand that the roughs at Wingham have broken into the barracks, cut the drums and tambourines all to pieces, also the flag and organ straps and carried off the stove legs. Ten dollars reward is offered by the Chief of Police, but the best of all is that "Souls are getting saved nearly every night." So writes Capt. Smith. The devil hates the music that makes angels rejoice. "We shall win. Greater victories ahead." Hallelujah!

I spent Saturday and Sunday at Port Elgin. We had some good meetings. ONE soul cried for mercy at knee-drill and one came out for full salvation in the holiness meeting. Crowds good. I expect Capt. Brokenshire and Lieut. Leslie will make things boom here. Look out for reports.

My next stopping place was Tiverton which is not a very prosperous looking place, only for children, who abound in large numbers. We had moderately good meetings, but no souls.

"Onward, through the Blood we go!
Victory our motto."

OUR OBSERVATORY.

I OBSERVE that the Editor is still continuing his articles on "Salvation Soldiership," and I should advise every officer and soldier to cut them out and stick them into a book for future reference. They might be a great help to you.

I OBSERVE that the Field Secretary has started to write his weekly notes. If you want to know the latest moves in the Salvation War in Canada—don't fail to read these.

I OBSERVE by gazing around the Printing office in Toronto, that the new Soldiers Song Book is being pushed ahead and our comrades will find, when it reaches them, that it is quite a nice little addition to our warfare.

I OBSERVE that there is a man appointed at the War office, who is to be responsible for all trade in connection with the Army. By the bye, I like the name "War office" far better than Headquarters. I saw it was written thus at the foot of last week's Gazette for the first time.

I OBSERVE there is still a great scarcity of station reports and news from Divisional officers, as to how the war proceeds in their respective commands. Things are certainly brightening up in this line, but there is still much room for great improvements.

I OBSERVE that the artist at the War office, whoever he may be, is still giving us some real good original sketches. I thought the one on the front page of the last WAR CRY was just immense, and what a direct justification of our methods the whole thing was. This week's front page is good.

I OBSERVE that the new song book, which is being printed for the "Musical Musketeers," is a real beauty, containing some of the latest songs and solos, as well as some of the old favorite ones. It will, no doubt, find a ready sale in the various corps visited by these songsters.

I OBSERVE that there are lots of officers and others waiting about the corridors of the War office, all being anxious to see the Commissioner. Now I should like to throw out a hint to all such, that a great deal of delay and waiting could be avoided if officers, wishing to have an interview with the Commissioner, would write him, asking when it would be suitable for him to see them.

I OBSERVE that there are a certain clique of soldiers appeared on the scene of battle lately, who do not believe in Hell fire; and on closer observation, I find that these arguers and talkers wear precious little uniform, and put forth very small efforts to snatch poor souls from the eternal burning; and then I have heard also that these very soldiers fail to let their light shine at home. Of course they give a long-drawn winded testimony in the barracks.

I OBSERVE that the Commissioner, the Chief, and Field Secretaries, as well as other employees at the War office, are not in the least afraid of work. For several consecutive nights, in fact almost every night, I see there is a light in their various offices, which goes to show that they are busy and don't mean to let the grass grow under their feet.

I OBSERVE that by a very keen, close observation into things that daily happen, a good observer can learn many lessons, and if he keeps his eyes and ears open wide, and keep his lips a little more more closed, it is really wonderful what an insight he will obtain into the [illegible] relating to this Salvation warfare. I don't know what you think about this matter, but I believe observation is a real good quality for any Salvationist to possess. At any [illegible] by God's help I mean to be in the future more than ever a keen

OBSERVER.

In the Midlands

D. O. Marshall Comments on the War in His Diocese.

The Gospel chariot is still rolling on in the Midlands, glory to Jesus.

At my last visit to OMEMEE, we enroled four recruits, and had a splendid time. They are believing for wonderful times in this place, with the refitted barracks and new sheds. Capt. Wood who is in command, is determined to rout the devil.

LINDSAY is still rising, and Capt. Webb reports SIX good cases last Sunday, and a number sanctified. The Commissioner's visit seemed to shake things up here pretty well. Keep on the right lines comrades, and marvellous things will be done.

OAKWOOD is doing nicely under Captain Stockton. It was never so good, so they say, since it was opened. At my last visit, it was such a fearful night that our crowds were small. They have eight ready to be enroled. Now go in for God, boys, and I'll be on hand shortly to do your swearing in.

PORT PERRY is very flat and hard, and crowds are small, but Capt. Way is the right man in the right place, and no doubt there will be a move shortly; God is not dead, my comrades. Claim the promise.

On my last visit to MILLBROOK, we had ONE soul, a grand case. It meant a good deal for her to come out, but she counted the cost, and God has stood by her, and she is now ready to come under the rules. They have a splendid Corps of Blood-and-fire soldiers, both here and at the outpost, and Capt. Rowan says she feels beautiful and free here, and reports TWO souls. The crowds are coming, comrades. Live right and believe, and don't leave all your fighting for Saturday night and Sunday.

CAMPBELLFORD.—What shall I say of this place? Well we had what I call a proper time. On Saturday night, Mrs. Marshall led the meeting. I having to stay behind and deal with the Auditor. I arrived on the scene in time for knee-drill. Twenty-five assembled, and souls was the theme. It was good to be there. At the Holiness meeting, about one hundred and fifty gathered together. God was very near, and at the close, a number surrendered, and THREE sisters came for pardon and were set free.

A full house in the afternoon, and wonderful liberty, and ONE old man came home.

The crowd could not get in at night. Talk about a melting time, you should have been there; I wish I could describe it, but I should only fail, so I'll not attempt it, but at the finish, we had SEVEN grand cases. We went home tired, but shouting glory.

Monday was our Banquet day, and they do know how to cook and provide good things for the body. The tables looked beautiful, but their appearance was soon spoiled. We had Capt. White and Lieut. Bromley to give us a hand, and everything seemed in good shape for a harvest of souls. A great number of Sunday's converts were on the march, and spoke in the meeting. The interest was remarkable; Mrs. Marshall soloed, the Auditor read the Word and spoke with feeling and power, and as I was pulling in the net, one after another came; men and their wives and all classes, until at the close, we counted FOURTEEN more, making twenty-five souls for the three days, and we enroled seven soldiers.

On Tuesday night, they had FIVE more, and they are still reaping. The town is in a blaze. We give to Jesus glory and go on. Be ready for enrolment comrades, on my next visit.

We next visited PORT HOPE, and enroled seven recruits, and had a nice time. The Port is doing well, and they are getting to be a real Salvation Army. Little Mac did a good work for God, and now Eddy has taken up the reins. We shall expect great things.

COBOURG was next on the list, and we found everything in great shape for a good time. The Green family were there from Stirling with their brass and string band. Our own boys in Cobourg are able to do some good playing now, but I will not say too much. However, I believe in the near future, they will be able to take their place, and I think about the next Anniversary, they will be on hand. Keep to your knees boys, this will help you.

The two united bands did stir things. Our barracks was packed. We enroled eleven more recruits, and had a blessed time. The people were taken with the boys from Stirling. They would drop the brass and pick up the violin, and off they would go [illegible].

May God bless the family, and keep them good, and they will do a lot for the Kingdom.

Captain Mutton laid down the lines in a few words, and Capt. Cook took them up, and everybody gave her a good welcome. Your servant drew in the net, but caught nothing. They have had a number of souls since. Cobourg is doing well. Keep [illegible] and moving [illegible] don't [illegible] your [illegible] [illegible] for Sunday. [illegible] has a splendid hold here; and [illegible] Red man with their women, will [illegible] lish great things shortly.

We enroled five more sisters [illegible] and succeeded in getting [illegible] for the day; all sisters, and among the[m] an Indian woman. She did scream [illegible] the best was to see ONE young [illegible] is a soldier, leading [illegible] haired mother to the penitent form.

We had a profitable day [illegible] and reports show that things are going on, and another Indian to the front.

WARKWORTH.—[illegible] Meeting those old time ones, when everybody feels good. We had some of the comrades from Campbellford, and we had an awakening time generally. One of the [illegible] said God had made him as *free from sin as a toad's back is from feathers.* We had great liberty, and ONE soul ventured out for Christ, and seemed to get right. Captain Cameron seems to have got a wonderful hold for such a short time. There is good things in store for Warkworth. They have been through the fire of late.

Capt. Cameron went with me the next day to BRIGHTON. The brass band belonging to this Corps played well, and led the singing for us in the open-air. The barrack's was packed to suffocation. Oh my! what a time! A nice free-and-easy, then we enroled four recruits. Captain Cameron spoke well to the point, and after using the sword freely for a few moments, I put them to the test, and invited them to Christ. ONE old lady broke up, and soon got liberty, and rose to her feet and told what God had done for her, and exhorted others to do likewise, and then remarked, "and there is my HUSBAND he should come too;" and lo and behold he did, and FOUR others soon followed, making six at the penitent-form. God seemed to shake the place altogether. You will see that things are looking pretty healthy in soul saving lines, and we are in to do our utmost towards the 20,000 souls.

In looking over my diary, I see in our own meetings for January, we have had FORTY souls for salvation, and enroled fourty-four recruits, and we feel like going on Brothren.

Mrs. Marshall says she is enjoying a blessed nearness to God in her soul. Although confined to her bed from a very severe relapse of La Grippe, and as for me, I am living in the land of Canaan, and feasting on the kind of fruit that it abounds with.

God and I are one in this Boom business, and we are going to upset the devil at every corner, and get souls saved.

J. S. Secretary's Notes

It was very encouraging to have the following from an officer this week: "Things are looking up. In the past two weeks, TWELVE have got properly saved. They speak for Christ, and are real out-and-out. The children are showing great interest in the meetings, and I am quite satisfied that a tremendous work will be accomplished ere long."

A J.S. Sergeant sends us the following cheering intelligence: "We have commenced a Sunday night J.S. meeting at the same time as the Senior meeting. Our numbers at the 10 a.m. Sunday meetings have nearly doubled each Sunday for the past three weeks. Two souls last Sunday."

At a certain Toronto Corps, the Junior War is rising rapidly. The Captain informs us that the children's meetings are held as follows: two on Sunday and two on week days. The Sunday afternoon J. S. meeting is held at the close of the Senior afternoon meeting, and so great a crowd of children gathered last Sunday, and so many came out to be saved, that the officers were kept there till it was time for the night open-air, and consequently lost their tea. But Jesus made it up to them a hundred-fold. Souls were saved, victory was won. Christ was uplifted; God was glorified; the devil was defeated; saints rejoiced, and so did I when I heard of it.

An officer writes to say, that at her Corps, EIGHT souls were saved last week. The whole place would be changed if it were not for the parents refusing to let their children come to the S.A. How sad is the Captain's bitter cry, "The parents won't let the children get saved." But in spite of prejudice and opposition, the work goes on, and EIGHT souls were won for God last week.

I was much impressed by the testimony of a Junior the other day.

She said: "I thank God I am saved. Jesus keeps me day by day, and I know that if God calls me this moment, I am ready." Thank God I have this experience to, and it is a good one to have.

THE CANADIAN

Household Troops

ON THE TRAMP!

After some eight days rest, recovering from the La Grippe, the band met at Riverside for the week end. We had a beautiful time at every meeting. Well, you will hear from some popular writer about the wedding.

Now for some notes.

After a lot of hurry and bustle to get started off on our fourth trip, off we go, and I tell you everybody was remarking the marked improvement in the band, both in playing and otherwise. PICKERING was first on the list. It is reckoned to be the hardest nut to crack in that part of the country. We landed in the evening. We had a twist around through the snow, knee deep. We had a very good time, but no souls.

• • •

PORT HOPE had a treat from the C. H. T. Band as we marched up town and gave them a few selections, which they appreciated. Look out for our visit to your town.

• • •

A young man asked one of the boys if the big drummer had soft sides to his drum sticks, because he comes down so soft all of a sudden. Oh, Willie is improving still.

• • •

At MILLBROOK we had a chance to have a little meeting among ourselves and each lad gave his testimony. It would take too much room to give each now. You may look for them further on anyway. My heart leaped for joy to hear that each one had been making spiritual progress, growing in their souls.

• • •

And here God set His seal upon the meeting by saving ONE soul (best of all).

• • •

Some people wonder where we get billets for 25 of us. Why, bless you, one man was so willing to take some of the boys that he turned out of his own bed to let the boys come in. God bless him.

• • •

We were very sorry we could not attend the funeral of our late comrade Manning, at PETERBORO, on account of not being able to make connections by the train, but God gave us a good time here and ONE soul. One brother here was going to treat the boys to some oranges, but they turned to apples. God bless him. Thanks.

• • •

You talk about drum-majors, you should have seen Capt. Gerow ahead of the band going to the station to see us off. No trouble for the drummers behind to see any motions from him. God bless Gerow.

• • •

Oh, did it not rain, marching into Norwood? Things looked rather dull as there were other attractions on the same night, but, oh, what a time, as some lad wrote in his diary, "It was a cracker." We held on till a pretty good hour with EIGHT souls in the fountain. Next morning coming away it was an inspiring sight, something like the new convert's first experience. While we were coming around the hill the sun broke out with lovely warm rays and everything seemed so clear, just like the Saviour shedding His rays of love into their hearts, after the long days of darkness and gloom. Oh, praise the Lord forever.

• • •

Captain Barber attended to our wants. God bless her.

• • •

We all had made up our minds to walk from Granhoe to MADOC, six miles, but, say what a surprise! when we reached Granhoe three rigs were waiting for us. God bless you, soldiers. We had a very good time here and ONE soul. I should like to get hold of some of the boys' diaries for some of them have some great experiences, which I should think would fill a book.

• • •

Oh, we have some new comers in the band. Here they are, Capt. Omerod, Lieut. Scarrow, Capt. Ryan, Bandsman Burrows No. 2, Fox, and Mr. John Perks, quartermaster. God bless them. We welcome them into our midst, and pray we shall go on to be greater powers in the hands of God than ever.

• • •

Things looked beautiful in TWEED. We had a blessed time and TWO souls in the fountain, so you see we are on the war path for the 20,000. We are looking forward for greater things than ever. God help us. We are improving in praying and playing and in our own souls.

Yours, EARNEST A.

MORE NOTES.

A bandsman was very politely asked by a gentleman if he was a member of a military band. No sir, said the bandsman, I belong to the Household Troops Band of the Salvation Army. The gentleman turned away with a *grunt* and said no more.

• • •

The band caused quite a sensation in the town of P——, as they marched and played through the streets during the two hours they had to lay off for the train.

• • •

A woman who took eight of the boys to billet was up at an early hour the next morning preparing breakfast for them. She said she hoped they would not be late for the train, or they would have to come back for dinner. No doubt she missed them when they were gone, and she missed something else while they were there.

• • •

The boys are getting good salary this trip. Their salary is in seeing souls saved. Still greater victories ahead. Go on lads.

• • •

A cold drive from Madoc to Tweed, (twelve miles.) I wonder who it was that could hardly keep his nose from freezing!

• • •

The band lads are going in more than ever unitedly, to practically carry out their motto, "*For God and Souls.*" And God is already blessing their labor. One night, we had the joy of seeing souls at the cross. Hallelujah; didn't the short, stout man jump that night?

• • •

Where We Stand.

LEONARD lives for God and souls.
ANDREWS God His life controls,
ANGUS jumps and shouts for joy.
VINAL has peace without alloy.
PACKER plays his horn for God.
PENNINGTON has been washed in Jesu's blood.
POPLE never will give in.
DAUGHTON is kept free from sin.
BURROWS never will retreat.
GOODCHILD lives at Jesu's feet.
BARNES enjoys full liberty.
WOODGATE has perfect victory.
FOX is kept, though often tried.
GIBSON is fully sanctified.
CRAIG in full salvation bathes.
BURROWS lives, the lost to save.
GRIFFITHS is kept from sin each day.
BAKER is on the King's highway.
BROWN has Christ within his heart.
BIRD and sin forever part.
SCARROW has made the Lord his choice.
RYAN praises the Lord with heart and voice.
DEARING for God, gets more ambitious.
OMEROD without God is helpless.
PERKS proves it is good to be religious.

• • •

The sweetest harmony to be found is the harmony that there is between the soul and God, when all sin is eradicated.

BASS.

ANOTHER BOLD FEAT.

As illustrative of service to God, the Colonel in a recent meeting, narrated the following:—

"In Bristol they had a little Slum Home, in a neighborhood surrounded with every disadvantage—not only surrounded with the vilest of people, but the approaches and aspect of the place were unprepossessing, and there the work had been started. Two or three weeks ago Major Cooke sent a lassie down to the post, and she began plodding in a humble way, trying to get some into the Slum Home. She had faith in God that He would raise up the people, and without any results from her labors [sent] a letter to the Major, asking him to come down and present colors to the corps; which, however, then only consisted of herself, lieutenant, and

A Pickled Sinner.

"The Major, thinking something had been accomplished, went down, and was just in time to reach the open-air, at which were the Captain and the sinner. The Major said to the lassie, 'This is a fine fix!—Where's the standard-bearer?'

"'There he is,' was the reply, pointing to her 'pickled sinner,' 'I believe he will make a good standard bearer,' and God did make him one. He, along with his wife, was saved that night, and at the present time the man was the standard-bearer for the Army."

The same issue gives an account of a meeting of which eighty cadets were commissioned for our world-wide field.

Ask your Captain to supply you with a copy of

"All The World."

It contains some wonderful news of all countries.

SALVATION SOLDIERSHIP.

BY THE EDITOR.

No. 5.—How to Win.

I shall never forget the solemn awe which came upon every officer in a recent council, as a Divisional officer was telling out his heart-felt experience. Among other things, he said that, until recently, he had never come to the conclusion that he meant to be a Salvationist *for life*, or as long as life should last, and this indefiniteness as to his future position in the world had been quite a burden to him, and had shorn him of a great deal of his power with the officers and soldiers as well as in the various meetings. But he had got the victory, and since he settled it with God that he meant to be a Salvationist till his death, God had prospered him and his work ten-fold.

Now here is the very reason why so many officers and soldiers fail to win, because they have no stability, have come to no proper understanding with God Almighty and the Army, and consequently they fight as one that beateth the air. Their talk, walk, and life, all end in failure, because their affections, their aims and desires, their plans as to the future are not set and solid.

Now this is a very dangerous place for any Salvationist to be in; for it is surely full of quicksands and marshes, and sooner or later you will be lost in a maze of doubts, fears and uncertainties, and in spite of your apparent zealous fighting you will surely fail and falter, and very little fruit will attend your work and labor. It is therefore very, very necessary, if you are to be a *model soldier* and do *your duty*; if you would *defeat the enemy* and *be successful* so as *to win*, there must be a distinct and definite understanding between yourself and God that you remain His faithful soldier for life. When you sat in that Army meeting, a vile hell-deserving sinner, the spirit of God plainly showed you your need of salvation. You walked deliberately and boldly to the mercy-seat, and found what your heart had longed for. You saw the happy faces of the officers and soldiers. You basked in the joy of so soon becoming a soldier too. At the D.O's next visit you became enrolled, simply because you saw that having been saved in the Army, the Army was your place. In short, you settled the matter, and the consequence is that your life is a blessed one, because you are on the right track, and you are standing by the old bridge which carried you over, and God prospers everything which you put your hand to. Hallelujah.

To shout amen; to be very enthusiastic and zealous; to be adorned with uniform from top to toe, all these are useless qualifications unless they are backed up by a definite and solid experience. How foolish it would be for any soldier to preach and pray, if all the time there was an inward monitor which answered his words by saying:—"You know you are not loyal to the Army; you do not confide in its leaders; and the first opportunity you get, you will sneak off and be the very first to talk against the people who cared so much for your soul." And yet, I verily believe there are numbers who continually go through the same tormenting experience, feeling all the while they talk that their words fall to the ground and fail to hit anybody, simply because they come from a disloyal heart.

Now, when a salvationist stands at the Judgment Bar, all such questions as to the amount of uniform worn, and the number of marches you were on, will be discarded altogether. The great question which will have to be faced will be: "Did you win, did you while on the earth in that corps, in that work-shop, did you do anything definite for God, and did the effort succeed?" It is really heart-rending to see the apparent callousness and indifference manifested by some soldiers in the great and important matter of fighting God's battles so as to win. This brings me to another great fact, that many soldiers have so much self-confidence, that there is a danger, and a great one too, of doing their spiritual work with human strength, leaving God out of the concern, and thus their efforts are powerless in the extreme. Remember dear comrades that "God is our *refuge* and *strength*, a very *present help* in time of trouble." And if you leave God out of the question, you may just as well, at the first opportunity, get the Captain to erase your name from the Roll, and take your place among the great Army of luke-warm, indifferent, and careless professors, for you will never win either in your corps, among your comrades, or outside among your work-mates.

It is very plain, then, that in order to win, every Salvationist must fight in the strength of King Jesus, and must have a loyal heart, first towards God, the Bible and its teachings, and then towards the Army and its doctrines, which are all founded upon His Word who has said:—"Heaven and Earth shall pass away, but My Word shall never pass away." Now soldier-comrade, if you, through your indefiniteness and wonder as to what is going to become of you and the Army as the years roll by, have failed in the future, settle the matter with God once and for ever, that you will be a loyal, devoted soldier of the Army and of the Cross, never shirking your duty, and depend upon it your fighting will be such as will win every time.

I shall deal with "Loyalty" next week.

His Triumphant Entry.

[Being a short account of the life, death and burial of our dear comrade, Brother Field, of Barrie. We are unable to insert his photo.—ED.]

"Write from henceforth blessed are the dead that die in the Lord, for they rest from their labors and their works do follow them."—Rev. xiv. 13.

Our dear brother, Elijah Field, has finished his course, he has kept the faith, and he is now crowned with immortality and eternal life.

Brother Field was born at Bainton, in Yorkshire, England, in the year 1835, being 56 years years old at the time of his decease. He emigrated to Canada when 21 years of age, working for a time at Bradford where under the labors of the Wesleyan Methodists he was born again.

With this body of Christians he worshipped until about four years ago when he was drawn to the Salvation Army. Natural instincts have a large share in shaping our course. Brother Field was never troubled with worldly pride or vanity, he naturally scorned the tinsel and hollow show of worldly fashion. No wonder therefore if he gravitated towards the Salvation Army.

From the first he was quite ready to acknowledge the self-sacrificing efforts of the lowly and despised Salvation Army, but although he was strongly in sympathy with them, he for a long while stood aloof from identifying himself with them in any way. One incident about this time he used to speak of—Capt. Werry stood with a small company of soldiers on the Market Square. Brother Field and the writer walked up to them. Capt. Werry said, "Let us pray." Brother Field did not kneel with them but the occasion bore fruit. He said to himself, "Am I, a professed Christian, afraid to kneel in public with God's people? Surely there is something wrong."

He at this time began to attend meetings in the barracks, and was led to see that he was not sanctified to God as it was his privilege to be. In sincerity of soul he no sooner saw that holiness of heart was desirable and obtainable than he sought it with all his heart.

From this time and during the periods that Capts. Coffin and Gilroy had charge of the corps his spiritual growth was rapid, and although not until Capt. Dawson took charge did he take upon himself the obligations of full membership in the Army. He was by those officers proven a true soldier, upon whose counsel and support both inside the barracks and out they could confidently rely. Under Capt. Dawson he took the last step connecting himself with the Salvation Army and was enrolled. Henceforth he was, if possible, in labors more abundant, until latterly his life was like a leaf from the Scriptures.

And now in the midst of his efforts for the advancement of God's Kingdom, and while contemplating a still more extended work under Army auspices he received the summons to appear at the great Headquarters and praise God, he was ready, aye ready. A most glorious death, the legitimate outcome of a holy life was his.

Just one week the strong man struggled with death (taken sick on Monday, 27th January, he breathed his last on Monday, February 3rd). But it was a struggle of which he was largely unconscious. Praise God! Not that his mind was impaired. You could always arrest his attention to worldly matters, but left to himself in a moment he appeared oblivious to his sufferings or surroundings. His mind seemed to dwell in some blessed state where he was holding communion with his God, or was engaged in the congenial work of counselling or warning young men and young women, telling them not to let the fashions of the world, &c., keep them back, but to give their hearts to Jesus. Again he would be beseeching people to get the baptism of the Spirit. "Oh, bless the Lord!" he would add, "I have got it! Oh! hallelujah!" Then again beautiful visions would be vouchsafed him, and raising his arms he would say, "Oh! beautiful! beautiful! Oh! glory to God! Hallelujah!"

Thus did our dear brother rejoice. No dark valley for him. All bright. Praise God! No shades of darkness were permitted to come near him. The old devil did not dare to show his face, but it was one continual triumph, one heaven of praise. In the midst of sorrow we rejoice. We feel his loss, but we sorrow not as those without hope.

God grant that his life and death may be a continual inspiration to us all.

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Promoted from Uxbridge.

Six years ago the Army opened fire in Uxbridge. Many souls got saved, who, before the Army came to town, were living lives of sin and misery, among them was our dear comrade, Brother JOHN JOHNSON.

His was a *real conversion* which no one seemed to doubt; the change in his life was visible to all.

He fought as a soldier for over four years, and never missed a march or meeting when possible for him to get out, and was always the first to testify. He felt the Lord had done so much for him, that his heart was full of love to God. His comrades were often cheered by his kind words.

After three weeks' sickness, the Lord called him to Himself. His last testimony in the barracks was, "When God called him he was ready to go."

Several of our comrades visited him just before he died, and asked him if all was well, he said, "Yes, all is well."

They sang and prayed with him, and bade him good-bye till they should meet him on the morning of the glorious resurrection.

He passed peacefully away on February 13th. We gave him a real Salvation Army funeral. The day was cold, but did not hinder a large number of soldiers and friends from turning out to pay their last respects to their dear brother. While the band played, many were moved to tears. He was loved and respected by all who knew him.

While holding the service at the grave, one dear sister made up her mind to serve God, and came out at the night meeting and got saved.

We miss our brother at the head of the march, as he was our color bearer, but while another takes up the colors here, Brother Johnson takes up the victor's palm in glory.

The memorial service led by Major Spooner on the following Sunday night was very impressive.

We are all determined to be true, and meet our comrade in heaven.

CAPT. A. HASSEN.

Wanted at Once!

500

DAVIDS AND MIRIAMS

To Offer Themselves as Candidates for the

SALVATION ARMY WORK.

Thousands are hurrying off to darkness and sorrow who have a priceless soul. Something must be done at once to stop the stream of precious mortals who are being led captive by the devil at his will.

Oh! will YOU be one who will gladly rush to the battle's front and offer yourself?

Think of the many chances of saving sinners you are missing by staying away.

Send off your application *at once* to Commissioner, Salvation Temple, Toronto, enclosing a dollar for your forms, as a help in defraying the expenses of vesting, etc.

Don't listen any longer to the devil's suggestions about your not being equal in health and ability. God can qualify you, and make you a mighty soul-winner.

ORIGINAL SALVATION SONGS.

1 HE CAN SAVE.

BY COMMISSIONER.

TUNE—*There is a better world, they say.*

Come, sinner, to the Lamb of God,
He can save, He can save;
He'll cleanse your heart in Calvary's blood,
He can save, He can save!
Oh, come and trust Him now this hour,
He'll liberate you with his power,
And rain upon you Mercy's shower,
He can save, He can save.

Don't sit and ponder o'er the past;
He can save, He can save;
Don't trifle and be damned at last,
He can save, He can save;
Roll all your sin on Him who died,
They'll float away on Calvary's tide,
And in His bosom you can hide,
He can save, He can save.

There's room for you, there's room for all,
He can save, He can save;
The "Whosoevers!" Christ does call,
He can save, He can save;
Though earthly treasures are but few,
A priceless gift is offered you,
His promise to each soul is true,
He can save, He can save.

Backslider, Jesus pleading stands,
He can save, He can save,
And points you to His bleeding hands,
He can save, He can save;
Though far away your heart has gone,
And trampled on that precious One
H s living spirit still says "Come,"
He can save, He can save.

READY SHORTLY,

NEW SONG BOOK,

5 CENTS EACH.

3 BY THE BLOOD.

BY STAFF-CAPT. LEIGHTON.

TUNE—*Tell it to Jesus.*

By the blood He shed on Calvary's mountain,
Jesus can save you, Jesus can save you,
And if you will plunge into the fountain,
He'll wash you white as snow.

CHORUS.

Jesus can save you, Jesus can save you,
And wash you white as snow,
Though you are hardened, your sin c n all be pardoned,
Jesus will save you now.

From your life of sinfulness and sorrow,
Jesus will save you, Jesus will save you,
You may never live until to-morrow,
Then come to Jesus now.

Though you are in sin the Lord is near you,
Jesus will save you, Jesus will save you,
Tell your story and the Lord will hear you,
Oh come to Him just now.

SONGS! SONGS!!

Look out for the NEW SONG BOOK, only 5 cents.

2 INVITATION.

BY MAJOR BAUGH.

TUNE—*Stella.*

Come, weary sinner to the Cross,
No longer from your Saviour stray;
The world can only yield you dross,
For which you'll dearly have to pay;
But Christ your soul can satisfy,
With grace to live and grace to die.

Your time is short, oh, don't delay;
You're drifting down the stream of time;
Eternal woe or endless joy,
Must shortly be forever thine.
While Jesus waits to set you free,
Turn from your sins and happy be.

When once on you eternal shore,
To seek the Lord 'twill be too late,
Christ's loving calls will then be o'er,
Your soul must bear its endless fate.
But now He calls, invites you home,
Come weary soul to Jesus come.

BUY THE NEW ALMANAC FOR 1890.

4 A MESSAGE FOR ALL.

BY LUTHER.

TUNE—*When Johnny comes marching home.*

Dear sinner, hear the call to-day,
"Come home, come home,"
Your Saviour and your conscience say
"Come home, come home."
Why longer in your sins remain,
Which only bring you grief and pain?
The Blood will cleanse just now from every stain.

Poor drunkard, you may from your cups
Be free, be free;
My fallen sister, there is hope
For thee, for thee.
Come now ye worldlings, everyone,
Who after sinful pleasures run,
You may all be free through God's beloved Son.

Oh, comrades, when the Captain speaks
Obey, obey,
Though far from friends His service lead
Away, away,
Beside you He will ever stand,
And gently lead you by the hand,
Till safely you shall reach fair Canaan's land.

With joy we tread the narrow way,
Amen, amen;
Let every happy soldier say
Amen, amen.
We'll firmly grasp the sword and shield,
We'll live and die on the battlefield,
And till heaven's gained we'll never, never yield!

5 COME TO THE CROSS.

LIEUT. BLOSS, FRENCH CORPS, MONTREAL.

TUNE—*Take all my sins away.*

When to the cross of Christ I came,
Guilty, deserving naught but hell;
I cried, "Lord save me from my sin,
And He did take me in.

CHORUS.

Oh, He did take me in!
Oh, He did take me in!
When at His bleeding feet I fall,
Praise God He took me in.

Now Christ has cleansed my heart from sin,
He helps me live from day to day,
To point poor sinners to the blood
That washes sins away.

'Tis Jesus that can save from sin,
'Tis Jesus that can satisfy;
Come to the Cross, do not delay,
He'll take your sins away.

6 CLEANSE FROM SIN.

C. R. O., HAMILTON II.

TUNE—*"Ecce Ho."*

Lord, I'm coming, weak and sinful,
Bowing humbly at Thy cross;
Nothing leaving, all I'm bringing,
Purge me now from all of dross.

CHORUS.

Cleanse from sin,
Cleanse from sin,
Jesus, Saviour,
Cleanse from sin.

Hungering, thirsting, kneeling, pleading,
To obtain the better part;
Casting failures, doubts upon Thee,
I surrender now my heart.

Consecrate me to Thy service,
Help me trust in power Divine;
Take me, use me for Thy glory,
Make and keep me wholly Thine.

TO OUR POETS!

We are in urgent need of Original Songs written to the following tunes:—

"Stella," "Sovereignty," "Auld Lang Syne," "The day of victory's coming," "Glory to His name," "Victory for me," "Happy day, happy day," "Draw me nearer," "Steadily forward march," "Down in the Garden," "Hiding in Thee," and any other old tunes that will go well in Sunday night meetings.

God will help YOU to send one along right away.

ED.

GAZETTE.

PROMOTIONS—

CADET ROACH, of St. John T. H., to be *CAPTAIN*.
CADET JENNINGS, of St. John T. H., to be *CAPTAIN*.
CADET-CAPT. SNELLING, of Georgetown, P.E.I., to be *CAPTAIN*.
Cadet Pettis, of St. Stephen, N.B., to be *Lieutenant*.
Cadet Brown, of Charlottetown, P.E.I., to be *Lieutenant*.
Cadet Whetstone, of Lippincott T. H., to be *Lieutenant*.
Cadet Collett, of Lippincott T. H., to be *Lieutenant*.
Cadet Lafford, of Lippincott T. H., to be *Lieutenant*.
Cadet Sullivan, of Lippincott T. H., to be *Lieutenant*.
Cadet Casselman, of Yorkville T. H., to be *Lieutenant*.
Cadet Wiseman, of St. John T. H., to be *Lieutenant*.
Cadet Green, of St. John T. H., to be *Lieutenant*.
Cadet Edwards, of St. John T. H., to be *Lieutenant*.
Cadet Hovey, of St. John T. H., to be *Lieutenant*.
Cadet Francis, of Brantford T. H., to be *Lieutenant*.
Cadet Gray, of Hamilton I, to be *Lieutenant*.
Private Gertrude Sandick, of Ingersol, to be *Cadet* at Lippincott T. H.
Private Mary Cassady, of Goderich, to be *Cadet* at Lippincott T. H.
Private J. Herbert Gravett, of Montreal I, to be *Cadet* at Yorkville T. H.

APPOINTMENTS—

Captain Roach, to Hampton, N.B.
Captain Jennings, to Petitcodiac, N.B.
Captain Snelling, to Carleton, N.B.
Lieutenant Pettis, to Kentville, N.S.
Lieutenant Brown, to Dartmouth, N.S.
Lieutenant Wiseman, to New Glasgow, P.E.I.
Lieutenant Green, to Hampton, N.B.
Lieutenant Edwards, to St. Stephen, N.B.
Lieutenant Hovey, to Sackville, N.B.
Lieutenant Whetstone, to Madoc.
Lieutenant Collett, to Chesley.
Lieutenant Lafford, to Creemore.
Lieutenant Sullivan, to Drumbo.
Lieutenant Casselman, to Palmerston.
Lieutenant Francis, to Teeswater.
Lieutenant Gray, to Port Dover.

T. B. Coombs,
Commissioner.

War Office, Toronto.

IN THE WILDERNESS

WAR CRY

SATURDAY, MARCH 8TH, 1890.

Staff-Capt. McHardy Visits Mrs. Booth. Doubtless it will greatly interest our readers to know that Staff-Captain McHardy, our Bob, was chosen to represent Canada at a meeting at Mrs. Booth's bedside, in which representatives from all over the world took part. We have given a full account of this visit on another page. Captain and Mrs. W. Brokenshire, Canadians, were also among the number who were thus privileged to spend an hour at the bedside of the world-wide Salvation Army's Mother. It must have been a touching scene. Let every officer, soldier, and friend continue to besiege the Throne in behalf of dear Mrs. Booth, who lies so near the river.

Dovercourt, the 12th. Steadily we are encroaching upon the enemy's strongholds in the Queen City, and the opening meetings of Fort No. 12 have been held. Great success attended each meeting, and we are confident with Major Margetts that a mighty soul-saving work will be accomplished in this northern limit of the city. No doubt the Major has his eye on other positions in Toronto now held by the devil, and great things are in store for the T. T. Division. March on, ye braves!

Trade. Staff-Capt. Sweetman has been appointed Trade Secretary, and has got into thorough working harness. The very fact that all our business transactions, and all work in connection with our trade, is to directly benefit the work of God and the salvation of souls, should urge every officer, soldier, and friend to do all they can to bring before the public the various literature and other things sold at Headquarters.

Are You Guilty? We think there is no work so much blessed of God as WAR CRY selling, and yet from the various reports we see that there is comparatively very little of it done. Now, this is not as it should be, and we are more than ever convinced that a loyal, devoted Army officer will bring every effort to bear on this special line of advertising the Army and its work. People are anxious, as a rule to know what the Army is and what it is doing, what success or failure it is meeting with throughout the Dominion, and in various parts of the world. Now, the CRY is the medium, the remedy for the satisfaction of their anxiety, and it is the solemn, bounden duty of every F.O. and soldier to do their best in getting the WAR CRY—the Salvation Army in print—into every Canadian home. It is a part of every officer's work to sell WAR CRYS, and thank heaven it is a work which brings blessing and reward to all those who engage in it. We are praying for a mighty advance in the sale of the WAR CRY.

By Their Fruits. We have in our front page sketch and article, tried to draw the attention of our friends throughout the Dominion, to the fact that the Rescue Work is worthy of their sympathy and practical support. Never was there more need for such a noble work as there is to-day, and while at present our main operations are confined to the Queen City, the city of churches, the so called moral, religious city, along whose streets hundreds of harlots and drunkards can be seen night after night—there are other cities in the Dominion who are crying out, "Come and help us;" but for want of funds we cannot do this; and we therefore throw the responsibility of this matter over on to the shoulders of those who are rich and well off in this world's goods, to come forward to the rescue; and practically help Mrs. Adams and her brave staff in this matter. Many things have been said about it, pages of matter have been written as to the great need, and now will our friends kindly act, and send a donation to Headquarters.

His Appointments. A reference to the back page of this issue will give our readers the places to be visited by the Commissioner on his tour East. We have heard tidings of great things in the past from these parts, and we have an idea of the enthusiasm, life, and go of the saved Newfoundlanders, but whatever the past may have been, we venture to predict such meetings as will eclipse former gatherings. The staff which accompanies our leader is a lively one, with instruments and music various, all of which will serve to cause greater attraction and stir; in short, we make bold in saying that Glory Tom's Domain will be thoroughly deluged by a great avalanche of Salvation, joy and praise, which we are confident will be mingled with the cries of many for mercy and deliverance from sin. God grant it. Comrades, continue to pray that it may be so.

Strange, Yet Not Strange. In a certain church in the Queen City, a few nights previous, a convention of young people assembled to discuss the app. ont strictness and narrowness of church discipline. Among the number was an elderly brother who said: "*The church will have to enlarge its borders and will have to adopt wider and more comprehensive methods than she has now—perhaps a social club, but that would not be the right term—but the time is coming when she must throw open her doors every day of the week to give harmless amusement to the people, and if the church does not do it the theatres and the saloons will.*" This statement was applauded by the young people.

Is it any wonder that the correspondent in referring to this gentleman's remarks says: "*If his statements did not point directly to the secularization of the church, they came very near it.*" We are not a bit surprised at such proceedings for, bit by bit, and little by little, the world is pushing its way into the church, eating out all its life and vitality, and the stern truth that the company of young people assembled, applauded this old Christian, is enough to make us shudder at what the outcome of all this really means. Surely the time has come for somebody to make a move, when things have got into such a state that the church doors will be thrown open to harmless amusements. We feel like laying in the dust before our precious Lord Who never failed to get a crowd to talk to, and was always successful in His ministry, yet never resorted to such worldly means as those; in fact, His life was a denunciation of the world with all its belongings. When the Church of God fails to have spiritual life enough to attract and interest the young, it is high time that God moved in the matter, and we verily believe that ere long, He will open the blind eyes and unstop the deaf ears. We wonder what Jesus would have done had He been attendant at this meeting in person.

ABOUT MRS. BOOTH.

Representatives of Many Nations Assemble by the River.

AFFECTING SCENES.

BY THE FOREIGN SECRETARY.

(From the English Cry.)

"I always looked upon the work of Jesus Christ as being world-wide. . . . Years ago the Lord gave me a promise: 'I will make thee a mother of nations.' I could not understand it then. I did not believe it. I put it away. I shelved it, as it were, and left it there, till I began to realize its fulfillment."

So spoke Mrs. Booth to twenty-four representatives of the Army in foreign lands, as they knelt round her bedside on the afternoon of the 30th of January. They will never forget this, and many such utterances. There is prophetic significance in every word. Seldom, if ever, has one life sown and reaped in a brief space of time such a harvest of eternal blessings.

It was a happy thought of the Chief-of-Staff's to seize the opportunity of the comparative calm in Mrs. Booth's physical struggles, of gathering together some of the foreign officers at present in England (which, by a Divine coincidence, we believe, happen to be unusually large) as a deputation to Mrs. Booth to express the sympathy of their comrades in her affliction, and the messages of love and loyalty which they had been charged to deliver.

The day was favorable. The night was dreary, and the morning threatening; but the faith of the deputation was exercised that all might be well. The clouds passed away, and by the time Clacton was reached, a mild breeze had scattered the ugly "man's hands" on the horizon. On reaching Oceanville, Mrs. Booth-Tucker assured us that although her mother had had a somewhat painful night and morning, the door was open. The quietude and pleasantness of the surroundings of the house in which our honored comrade lies dying, impressed us. What a contrast to the active life she has led! Beneath the little cottage is the restless sea—strangely like the suffering that has tossed and torn her body. Now calmly and imperceptibly creeping along with a quiet murmur; and then breaking out in paroxysms of pain—and yet on the bosom of these waves of pain have been borne messages upon the triumph of faith which are vibrating with emotion and love in the hearts of tens of thousands as we write. "All things work together for good to them that love God"; or, as Mrs. Booth herself expressed to the deputation, "They tell me that this illness has been used of God to draw a great many hearts nearer to Himself, and to make them more determined than ever to fight for the salvation of the world." This has been specially so in the case of our comrades abroad, and with feelings of special gratitude to God, we were gently led by Commissioner Raheeman (as the writer prefers to style her) upstairs to the sick chamber.

It was a mournful procession, notwithstanding our feelings were mixed. We were twenty-two in all.

FRANCE—Major and Mrs. Fry.
SWITZERLAND—Major Mrs. Buller.
GERMANY—Cadot Yonker.
DENMARK—Major Mrs. Wilson, Adjt. and Mrs. Fahleson, Adjt. Berg and Capt. Olsen.
SWEDEN—Capt. Skoog.
Canada—Staff-Capt. McHardy.
SOUTH AFRICA—Capt. and Mrs. Taylor.
INDIA AND CEYLON—Capt. Kantahelia and the ex-Buddhist Priest.
AUSTRALIA—Ensign Cartner.
OTHER NATIONS—Col. Nicol, Staff-Capts. Witts and Jackson, and **Capt. and Mrs. Brokenshire.**

The room in which Mrs. Booth lies is small, and furnished after a Salvation soldier's pattern. Above the little iron bedstead are the Army colors. On the right, near the door, is a common screen, to prevent draught, and on the left is a large clothes-horse, with a white cloth thrown upon it, so as to form another screen. On the wall, facing the sufferer, is a square text, evidently the work of some rescued girl: "The Lord fulfil all thy petitions." By the bedside is a gipsy table; some loving hands had arranged and placed a little bunch of flowers upon it; a table near the window, three chairs, a text: "I have called thee by thy name, thou art Mine," being over the mantel, a bed in corner and a piece of carpet, completed the furniture of the room into which we were ushered, one by one, by Commissioner Raheeman.

Owing to the smallness of the room, we knelt around the bed. Many of the deputation had never seen Mrs. Booth before. For a few moments their grief was uncontrollable, as they looked upon her, through whose instrumentality a people had been raised up and had gone forth into almost every part of the world to proclaim the salvation of Jesus Christ. The writer started,

"With salvation, to every nation."

It took a new meaning as we sang it in the presence of her whose voice and whose offspring had lent such service to its accomplishment.

Mrs. Major Buller and Capt. Kantahelia invoked God's help and grace upon us, and the Foreign Secretary introduced the deputation.

"We are your children," he remarked, "You are our Army Mother. It is with deep thankfulness to the Lord that you have been spared and we have been spared to see each other once more, and, some of us for the first time, face to face in the flesh. We have watched, at a distance, your battlings with the painful affliction, and your triumph over the enemy. We wish we could alleviate your pain. We cannot. We do not bring any balm or cure for the wound; but we bring hearts of sympathy, and we come to tell you that our lives are consecrated to the war God has helped you and yours to wage against the world. We represent many nations, and we believe that this day the Lord will help you to say something to us that will take root in the hearts of thousands to whom we shall repeat it."

The deputation was then introduced.

It soon became evident that to Mrs. Booth it was a God-given opportunity of moulding, by her counsel, the hearts and lives of those who were to be the leaders of the Army in distant lands. The righteousness of our principles, the danger which would beset us, the possibilities which lay before every individual soldier, and the necessity for using them to the utmost, were all dealt with; then, as she spoke of her suffering, and the help the knowledge of our sympathy had been to her, it seemed too much for us, and none could refrain from weeping.

She had a word of cheer and encouragement for each one.

Self-Forgetfulness.

One little incident seemed to show more clearly than anything else could have done, Mrs. Booth's spirit of self-forgetfulness, and her interest, even now, in the details of the war. When Mrs. Wilson, of Denmark, was introduced to her, she said, "Mrs. Wilson? This is the one who has just lost her baby boy," and words of comfort and sympathy with her in her trial were spoken. The words of sympathy were too much for Mrs. Wilson, and bursting into tears, she said, "Oh, Mrs. Booth, how can you think of my little trial when you are suffering so yourself?"

Remembrance of Old Comrades.

The testimony of the Buddhist priest seemed to give Mrs. Booth especial satisfaction; and, as Capt. Kantahelia spoke to her, she remembered one Singhalese comrade she had known, and charged him to give her love to Major Jaya Kodi when he returned.

After a momentary pause, Mrs. Wilson, of Denmark, who was returning to the land of her adoption the same night, was introduced, and, as stated above, a most touching incident took place.

Colonel Nicol—"This is Mrs. Major Wilson. You will have known her as Capt. Lockwood. She has just lost a little one."

Mrs. Booth then remarked that she remembered her and the loss of her child, and added, "I sympathise with you very much."

Mrs. Wilson—"Oh, don't mention it. I feel so much for you, and far more for your sufferings, that I feel I can forget my own."

Mrs. Booth—"Mine will soon be over, and your little darling is safe for ever. I used to always feel like David when mine were sick, that I must fast and pray and do all that I could while they were living, but if the Lord took them, I don't think I should shed many tears. I don't know. The weakness of human nature, perhaps, would have got the better of me, but I used to feel such a sense of the danger of making life's journey safe and well that I should feel happy in acknowledging them in heaven."

The other officers representing Denmark stood up, and referring to the purpose of Capt. Olsen's visit to England (*i.e.*, to be trained for Rescue Work in Copenhagen), Mrs. Booth remarked, "That is a glorious and wonderful work. The Lord bless you, and help you to learn."

Major and Mrs. Buller, fresh from Switzerland and its wars and rumors of wars, referred to the many manifestations of sympathy officers had shown in council towards Mrs. Booth. "Give my dear love to them," was the genial acknowledgment.

Capt. and Mrs. Brokenshire, Canada, who have volunteered to go out to assist in the opening up of Japan, were introduced. The Captain has B. A. and M. A. to his name. "That will give you prestige," observed Mrs. Booth, "which you must use for God."

"God has called us for this work," replied the Captain. "Japan has for years been laid upon my heart. I believe we have a great future before us there."

The natives of Africa had a warm spokesman in our converted publican, Captain Taylor, who, with his wife, are qualifying themselves in the East End of London to go into harness for the conversion of the Swazis, Zulus, Kaffirs, or whatever race they may be delegated to help. Mrs. Booth took in at a glance the prospect in that part of the world. "Give my love to the Zulus," she smilingly said to the Captain; tell them that from the first Zulu war I have loved them." Mrs. Taylor felt deeply for Mrs. Booth, as she knew what suffering meant.

INDIA'S 250,000,000

—their needs, their condition, their salvation—were well portrayed in the ex-Buddhist priest and Capt. Kantahelia. Our priest-brother, in brief, explained his deliverance from Buddhism through his comrade. The Captain thanked Mrs. Booth for sending her daughter to their country, and in true oriental style, spoke of the love the saved and unsaved felt toward her. "And you will all love her more when you know more of her. I shall be near India when I get to heaven, and will often look down from the battlements upon you."

The Lost in Australia

were brought before Mrs. Booth by Adjt. Cartner, one of the early Training Home lasses, and recently of slum-saving fame. Mrs. Booth was much encouraged to hear that through the reading of the WAR CRY report of the last deputation of officers to her bedside, a poor, wretched sinner in Whitechapel had his heart turned toward God.

GERMANY.

Cadet Junker, in his broken English, said: "I only can say I am willing to do or suffer or bear anything for Jesus' sake. I feel very weak for myself, but I trust Him and I am willing to do His will."

Mrs. Booth—"If He had only a plenty of such people, He would soon save the world. He does not want strong ones. He is quite content with the weak ones if they will only be given up to Him. He has chosen the weak to confound the mighty. The Lord bless you and make you a father of that nation in one sense."

EGYPT.

Geris Hanna, won to God and the Army through an open-air meeting led by Commissioner Fakir Singh, at Port Said, when conducting a party of officers *en route* for India, was next introduced.

CANADA.

Staff-Capt. McHardy assured Mrs. Booth of Canada's love and loyalty, and in expressing his gratitude to God for permitting him to see the General, Mrs. Booth, and Mile End, London, he broke down.

"Give my love to those Canadians," said Mrs. Booth, picking the Staff-Captain up. "I feel they are the right sort of metal, if you can only get them well fixed!"

FRANCE.

Major Fry (who, Mrs. Booth said, was an old chum of hers when in Scotland) represented France, along with his wife. The Major expressed his determination to be more faithful in the future than ever. Mrs. Fry praised God for the privilege of seeing Mrs. Booth, and assured her that she was going to go forward and conquer for God.

OTHER NATIONS

were represented by Staff Capts. Jackson and Witts, of the Foreign Office. Staff-Capt. Jackson's course in life was shaped by a private interview with Mrs. Booth in Lancashire some few years ago. Staff-Capt. Witts referred to the joy he had in serving under the colors behind the scenes.

We had already been an hour in the sick room, and feeling that our suffering comrade had exerted her little capital of strength to its utmost limit, Commissioner Raheeman, who had frequently brought some lively incidents connected with the officers forming the deputation to the recollection of her mother, quietly beckoned us to our knees once more, after which Mrs. Booth offered prayer, reviewing before the Throne the wonders God had wrought, the promises that were eternally sure, and commending us to Him. The Commissioner brought the solemn assembly definitely to a point of consecration by the singing of that never-threadbare song,

"Here I give my all to Thee."

Then gradually the deputation dispersed, with the promise of our Army Mother ringing in our ears and resounding in our hearts, to meet us in the Resurrection Morning. And in a couple of hours or so we resumed our places in the fight, where may the Lord keep us faithful and make us valiant soul-winners for Him.

It is a stern fact that there are thousands of sinners throughout the Dominion who would be saved, who would love to march the streets, and wear the uniform, but they are afraid of the penitent-form. They want to get into the sheep-fold by some other way, but there is only one way—the way of the Cross.

• • •

And then again, what a great amount of tears are shed, and what apparent fuss is made by some at the penitent-form, and yet amid all this so-called sorrow for sin, salvation is rarely obtained by such seekers because they are not willing to pay the price, to give up what is wrong. "Straight is the gate, narrow is the way, and few there be that find it.

• • •

A poor drunken man knelt at the penitent-form seeking deliverance from his enemy—strong drink. His appearance was wretched in the extreme, and the stench arising from his drink-saturated body was vile, but he was at the Cross, the place where fetters are broken. By his side knelt a dear young lady dressed in all the latest fashions, her very person being saturated with sweet-smelling scent. What a contrast! But they were each sinners, and they each found mercy. Sinners, there is only one gate. Enter in.

• • •

Have you ever thought of the struggle which goes on in a penitent soul, as he kneels at the form? All hell is arrayed against him on the one hand, while on the other the armies of the living God wait to pilot him into the Haven of Rest. Such is the battle with the convert. But what about the 20,000 whom we are expecting to see saved during the next few months? Officer and soldier, did you ever stop to think what a desperate struggle it will all mean? Oh, do be in earnest and work for the night is coming.

• • •

One often wonders at seeing so many backsliders whether they ever made a definite covenant with God at the penitent-form, whether they ever really saw their awful condition as sinners, whether they felt their need of a Saviour, whether they looked upon themselves as the vilest of sinners. Depend upon it that if the battle is fought out well at the penitent-form by any convert, that convert stands true, and if he only holds on to God, no weapon formed by the devil against him shall prosper.

• • •

The poor publican cried out, "Lord, be merciful to me a sinner!" but there are those who think that they are paying God a compliment by coming to get saved, when it is a very sure thing that God could do without them. Ah! it is when a penitent humbles himself in the dust that God takes notice of him. A dear fellow a few days ago knelt at a chair for salvation, and he cried out "Let me get under the chair, I am not low enough, I want to humble myself more." Is it any wonder that the dear Lord set him at liberty?

• • •

I saw one hanging on a tree,
In agonies and blood;
Who fixed His dying eyes on me,
As near the Cross I stood.

My conscience felt and owned my guilt,
And plunged me in despair;
I saw my sins His blood had spilt,
And helped to nail Him there.

A second look He gave, which said:
"I freely all forgive,
This blood is for thy ransom paid,
I died that thou may'st live."

• • •

Now, it is so very strange after all that a man who has sinned away a life time, and gone into sin without apparent shame should not have courage enough to acknowledge his wickedness and be bold for God. Surely after years of degradation and shame brought on by allegiance to the devil and his agents, it is nothing but right that God should require an open confession from every man and woman who has been guilty of such conduct. Sinner, if you want forgiveness you will have to acknowledge your wrong in public as well as in private.

JACK.

I MEAN IT.

Did you ever notice that when the words "bustles" or "bangs," etc., are spoken about either in private or roll-call, every one begins to smile, even to the captain, and it apparently causes a lot of merriment? But stop and think, its the devil laughing in his sleeves, for while you are busy laughing the devil of fashion is plastering over one of the most important questions touching our blessed Army, called to be separate and holy.

"Oh," but the dear sister lightly says with a smile, "we do not wear these things because it is the fashion, or to be conformed to the world."

Attention: one minute, and I will prove that you do. If bustles and bangs were to go out of fashion and no person but yourself would be seen upon the street with them, would you continue to wear them to be made a laughing stock to every one? No, you would not. Therefore you wear them because it is the style or fashion, and if God was to meet you with a hump on your back you would try every means to have it removed.

What a power your corps was three or four years ago when every soldier was known to be such by their appearance? What a beautiful Salvation Army feeling existed. Why? Because you were free and felt real satisfied and happy. You did not want any of the world, and what is more, you did not care what they said about your plain appearance, but now you keep two suits of apparel—one for the Army, and one for all other occasions.

Come, now, face the fact and repent and do thy first works over again. Let God put out the new dim light of your salvation. Let your laughing be turned to mourning, until every spot of the world is cleared away and you enjoy the pure religion of Jesus Christ, then you will be on the laughing side.

STRAIGHT TALK.

New Brunswick News.

BY D.O. M'INTYRE.

"It's been long, long on the way." I humbly acknowledge my slothfulness in WAR CRY reporting, and have often resolved to do better; but like the poor backslider who, when testifying said, "Dear friends, I have made many resolutions," in this respect I seem to revolve back to the old point again.

However, let that be as it may, I have some good things to say concerning my good Lord and His dealings with the dear officers and people of this district, and also myself. First of all I must say that here was A SOUL seeking Salvation at the penitent form in St. George, the first and only one in twelve months. This is encouraging for the boys. Capt. March takes up the reins here, and is confident of victory.

Sussex comrades have been thrown out in the streets again; this time by the burning of the barracks, the cause of which is unknown. Our seats, stoves, lamps, drums, etc., were all destroyed, worth probably $75. A donation to Capt. Halfyard would be very acceptable, to help get a new drum and a new barracks. We have some proper soldiers here—every day people. I trust a door will soon open to them.

Captain Freer accompanied me on my last visit to Grand Manan, and a good time we had, too. Our old friend is always welcome here, having been stationed at North Head about eleven months, and where he had blessed victories. This was the anniversary at the Head. The crowds were grand, and the meetings were honored of God in the salvation of ONE SOUL—another for the boom. I also enroled a brother, saved since my previous visit. The corps is in good shape. Capt. Des Brisay has a good hold; also Capt. Holman at Woodward's Cove. She has been sick, but is getting better. Mother Wormell looked after her well. Soul-saving business is slack here at present, but we are believing.

The Islanders have met with great discouragements this season in their fishing. Such a scarcity of herring has not been known for some years, if ever. Our collections have gone down about half as the result, which renders it rather hard to make ends meet, but the dear people are very kind, and do their utmost. Mother Dixon and family were very kind to us while on the island in looking after our bodies. She is a true friend, and enjoys helping the Army. God bless you, Mother!

Capt. Charlie McLean has taken hold of Woodstock, and writes to say he expects God to wake up the dead. I feel confident, from what I know of him, that the devil will have to move a bit. Capt. and Mrs. Kimble have taken his place at Chatham, and have great hopes for the future.

Campbellton has had TWO souls to add to the 20,000. Simeon has come here, and ought to get some of those bright young railroad lads saved.

Newcastle is rather quiet just now, but Capt. Larder is made of the right kind of stuff to shake things up.

Now comes Moncton, of which so many have despaired, and wondered if it would ever wake up. Yes, thank God, at last there are signs of a resurrection morning. Souls are getting saved every week, and some proper cases; yes, and a number enroled, and quite a number waiting. It is a common thing to see the barracks crowded with an interested audience. Capt. Hunter and Lieut. Jefferson are making it warm for the devil. The newspapers are having a bit of fun with us just now, but it only makes the people come. Glory to God! That goes down like honey.

Here is poor St. Andrews. The officers and soldiers are pegging away, but no move. However, we mean to peg away until the rock crumbles.

St. Stephen corps is doing well. Capt. Freer has had a number of souls. He has now bid us farewell, and handed over the charge to Capt. Dyas. Young, strong and healthy, he ought to do some visiting, WAR CRY selling and devil driving.

Amherst is still on the march forward. Ten recruits waiting enrolment.

Sackville, Hillsboro, Hopewell Cape, Salisbury and Petitcodiac are all very quiet.

Fredericton is booming. Souls have been getting saved right along, and 85 added to the roll since Capt. Yorke took charge, about five months ago, and a large number awaiting. We are sorry to part with him, he goes to St. John I. Capt. Matthews takes his place, and is determined to have victory, and keep the "Ark a-moving." The spiritual tide is rising, both in the officers and the corps, and as for myself, God dwells in my heart and life. I am soaring up as if on the wings of an eagle, and do not intend to stop.

Are You an Auxiliary?

SUBSCRIPTION $5.00 PER ANNUM.

An Auxiliary is one who sympathizes with the S.A., and wants to help on God's work in Soul-Saving!

ST. JOHN T. H. NEWS.

STAFF-CAPT. SOUTHALL.

Such a Collection.

ST. JOHN IV.—We have been holding meetings at Sheffield. Tuesday night there was an audience of eighteen small boys, and two cents collection. Since that the crowds have increased. Sunday night's collection amounted to twenty-four cents. We have been telling out the story of the cross in our weak and simple way, praying that God, by His Spirit, may send it home to the hearts of these people. Yours lifting the cross,

CADET ALICE CROSMAN.

Seven for the Week.

ST. JOHN V.—In the past week God has been with us at St. John No. V., and He has been blessing and giving us the victory. Yesterday (Sunday) Staff-Capt. and Mrs. Southall were with us, and God spoke to many hearts. In the afternoon ONE precious soul yielded, and at night FOUR more wept their way to Calvary's cross, where they found pardon. During the week TWO more souls came to God, making SEVEN for the week. Hallelujah!

CADET TUTTLE.

The Testimonies of the Cadets.

ST. JOHN T. H.

1. Feel better saved than ever, and more determined to fight for God.
2. Jesus not only saved me some time ago, but He saves me now. His blood still keeps my heart clean.
3. The Blood cleanses now. The life that I now live, I live by the faith of the Son of God. I'm following on to know Him more fully.
4. Jesus is my own personal Saviour. He is leading me out in my soul's experience.
5. Saved and happy. Living for God and souls.
6. It is sunlight in my soul. Feel better in my soul than when I started to follow God.
7. I feel I'm just a little bit of a soldier. I'm growing.
8. His ways are not grievous.
9. Living continually in the presence of God.
10. Through the Blood I have continual victory.

Capt. A.—It's my joy to live for others.

Eastern Relief Fund.

What the "Cash Book" Says.

Hello, facts again? Yes, that Captain at No. I. is leading the way in proper style. He's a married officer, too, but is A1 at helping his poorer comrades, and sends along $11 for this purpose.

No. II. corps of the terminus city is also bent on doing something practical, and advances $1.86 above last month. Well down, Mc., $4.49 makes a grand entry.

Didn't I tell you the Capital City would make a jump. See they have sent in $12.78, being $2.78 over and above last month. God bless the Fredericton comrades. I feel confident someone will be blessed by this noble gift.

St John I. comes next with $8.76, being an advance of 26 cents. Praise God for something practical. Thank you, comrades and friends of No. I. fame. What about March? I see both Fredericton and Halifax are ahead of you.

Rather strange that Petitcodiac should have been silent so many months when under the Captaincy of Jennings, late of the Training Home, it comes to the front with 41 cents. God bless you, Alf, every little helps.

Lieut. Getty, though not having a great deal to boost of herself, sends us 30 cents to help someone else. My entry from Waterville last month was 9 cents. Thank you for the rise.

'Twas Truro's Captain who was Cre(igh)ting quite a sensation at Headquarters when that $2 came to hand, being a larger amount than the last two months puts together. It adds greatly to the appearance of folio 45, I can tell you.

That Capt. at Spring Hill is generally right only, when he's wrong. However, I know they always call him Wright, and for my part I think he deserves the title. Especially did he move in the right direction when he mailed that P.O.O for $3.00. This is what I call A1. May you never grow weary in well doing.

'Tis an ill wind that blows nobody good, and that Wind Sir which sent in the increase of 62 cents was just proper. Thank you, Capt. Evans; may "Advance" ever be your motto.

I observe that Parrsboro, where McRae once held forth, only sends us $1.81, being a decrease of 71 cents. Now, Capt. Wheeler o' March, I am believing for something big.

I was very pleased to make that entry from Chatham. Believe me, Al, that $2.10 has a much better appearance than the $1.70 of last month.

Yes, even Lawrencetown helps us, and sends 27 cents more than was forthcoming in January. Well done, Capt. Hunter.

The tune of that Carrol across the river was pitched a little higher than last month. They say Mrs. Snelling is quite a singer, however a proper pitch was reached when that $3.04 was collected and sent along.

I am pleased to note that rise at Bear River from 14 to 50 cents. Well done, Field, I thought you could do it. Try again.

"Charity suffereth long and is kind." Charlottetown is behind a dollar, Newcastle is in the shade, 45 degrees, while Sammy of Summerside is left to the extent of 30 cents. I also observe that New Glasgow lacks $2.25, while Liverpool comes 63 cents short of last month. I am believing though that the majority of these will be well to the front next month.

Capt. Tom Hughes carries Liverpool by storm and donates $5 instead of $3, while Dartmouth becomes more charitable and adds a dollar to January's donation. Yarmouth also adds 89 cents. In fact, the majority of our comrades in all stations are becoming interested and many are doing their best.

We are glad to welcome the following corps with their respective amounts who were silent last month—Fairville $1, Woodstock $2.23, St. Stephen $1, Sussex 20c, Moncton $3.50, North Sydney $1, while Pictou adds another dollar by sending along a V.

We praise God for the interest manifested, and take courage for March.

TO OUR POETS!

We are in urgent need of Original Songs written to the following tunes:—

"Stella," "Sovereignty," "Auld Lang Syne," "The day of victory's coming," "Glory to His name," "Victory for me," "Happy day, happy day," "Draw me nearer," "Steadily forward march," "Down in the Garden," "Hiding in Thee," and any other old tunes that will go well in Sunday night meetings.

God will help YOU to send one along right away.

ED.

Palmerston Plums!

ADJT. COUSINS.

A Visit From D.O.

HARRISTON.—We thank God this morning for His wonderful power to save. The past week has been one of victory. On Tuesday night we had with us Adjt. Cousins and Lieut. Horn. God gave us a blessed time, and we closed with THREE in the fountain, and God put them right. More to follow.

CAPT. W. MARKLE.

Wonders Never Cease.

WALKERTON.—This morning finds us rejoicing in Jesus, for more reasons than one. First because we are reinforced by a Lieut. (wonders will never cease), and secondly because TWO sinners sought salvation at the cross. We are going in with all our might to do all we can for the salvation of Walkerton.

CAPT. A. MILES.

Such a Mean Devil.

WINGHAM.—Since coming here we have had some blessed times. Souls are getting saved nearly every night, and the soldiers are all on fire for God. The devil is also alive. He broke in the barracks, cut both drums, one tambourine, cut our banner in pieces, damaged the organ, and ran off with the stove legs, but we don't feel a little bit like giving in. By next report we shall be able to tell you everything is repaired and in good working order.

CAPT. SMITH,
LIEUT. HITCH.

Nothing Short of Souls.

PALMERSTON.—Perhaps you have been thinking I am dead, but I am still alive and a deadly enemy to the devil. Here I am at Palmerston, and having good times too. Sunday was a good day in the service of a good God, who gave us good results in the salvation of TWO souls. Our roll call was a treat, 40 soldiers present, and best of all God was with us. My comrades here are becoming desperate for the salvation of sinners, they shall have them too, and if I know anything of my own heart, nothing short of the world being saved would make me lay down my arms and quit this glorious war.

ANDREWS.

CHATHAM CHIPS.

D. O. BOLTON.

On the Right Lines.

GLENCOE.—We are in for victory, and are sure of it, because we are fighting on the right lines. We number five, our Captain included. You may look out for something from this quarter, as we are laying matters before our God, and doing some desperate praying, and you know what God does with those who let Him have a chance.

Secretary ED. SKILL.

It Went into the Stove.

WALLACEBURG.—Since we took charge of this place, God has been a very present help, and we feel sure that God is going to do a work here. The meetings have been good, and we have felt God's power with us, convicting the people of their sins. On Sunday, ONE man's tobacco idol went in the stove. We are believing for victory in Wallaceburg.

CAPT. HALPANY.

Victory!

CHATHAM.—Our Army, it is rising; how marshal they appear? Such is our experience. All glory to Jesus Who gives us the holy enthusiasm and power to carry on His work. We have had a great week of success. Monday night was announced for a where, when, and why meeting; the different stories of conversion proved extremely interesting to the audience, especially when Anna Saul exclaimed, "My! it's a good thing to be saved!" Tuesday night, R. G. Shall? I ever forget it? no, never! A certain individual has been rather critical about a certain thing, but I tell you the criticism has disappeared. Waves of power swept over us again and again. If you had seen poor old Silas' face; the smiles were enough to touch the hardest heart. A soldier from Guelph was also present, and gave a real ringing testimony; but best of all, THREE backsliders sought admittance, and came to the fold. Hallelujah! Wednesday night was the "Big Go." D. O. Bolton, Capts. Dyson, Cowan and Scarr being with us. You know wherever the Map of War is, things have to hum, and so they did; especially at the 10 o'clock supper after the meeting. One woman found peace whilst walking home from the barracks. Friday and Saturday, TWO more came home. Sunday was a boomer, especially in the 7:15 prayer meeting. SIX souls came to the cross, glory, glory, glory! Bro. Timber said he was so happy, he felt his very clothes were happy on him. Wonderful experience were given, great impressions were made upon the people. Whilst our "Musical People" were singing, "Going to Judgment," Jack with all his soul, exhorted the people to give up their sins, telling the ungodly they returned to their sins like a chicken returns to its roost. We thank Jesus for every victory won, the glory is Thine. One with Him.

ANNIE GOLDEN.

A Good Sign.

NEWBURY.—Praise God. In looking over the past week, we thank the dear Lord for His Divine presence with us. Our crowds are increasing, WAR CRY sales going up, for which we praise the Lord very much. Hallelujah! We shall win, for we fight in the strength of our King.

BELLA WALKER.

Candidates Here.

ESSEX CENTRE.—Blessed meetings all week, particularly Friday night and Sunday. Twenty-six at knee drill, and a comrade sanctified. He confessed to having been under condemnation for nearly two years, owing to disobedience. God had called him for the field, and he had refused to go. All is on the altar now, and he will obey he says at all cost. Send Adjutant Manton along as quick as you like, if he hasn't lost the power that quickly brought the writer to a decision over five years ago, he will be able to get one or two candidates here. God bless him. Wonderful meetings all day, especially the evening. But not one soul all week. Oh, my God! for the power that will bring them, we pray. Many under terrible conviction. Oh, I've wished so much for their salvation! A little girl saved at our children's meeting, praise the Lord. The J.S. War is going on well.

E. WADDS.

An Indian Saved.

GLENCOE.—Well, we have fought another week for God, and on Sunday, we had the joy of pointing ONE poor Indian to the Lord, and he received the kiss of pardon, Praise God! We are fighting and believing for more, Hallelujah!

CAPT. S. BRADLEY.

Peterboro Pointers!

D.O. MARSHALL.

In For Victory

MADOC.—Since coming here the dear Lord has helped us in a wonderful way. We have just had a visit from the Household Troops' Band. Their visit has proved a great blessing to the people here. They won't soon be forgotten. We are in for victory, cost us what it may.

CAPT. H. GRANT.

Another Wanderer

MILLBROOK.—We had a visit from the H. T. Band this week, and the people enjoyed the music. The meetings are better and souls are deeply convicted. Backsliders are coming home, and Jesus bids them come. Glory to God. God's Spirit was with us in power yesterday, and hearts were melted by His love. At night another wanderer returned. When we remember at what a cost our redemption was purchased, our hearts are grieved over those who won't obey.

CAPT. ROWAN.

Boom! Boom!!

PORT HOPE.—Boom is the order of the day in the Port. Thank God, we are going ahead in every way. Not only is the WAR CRY booming, but the Soul Boom is meeting with success, and THREE more souls this week have sought and found Jesus.

CAPT. E. WHITE.

Nine Souls

NORWOOD.—Just about two weeks ago we arrived in this town determined to do our best for God and souls. Since then God has helped us, and although the fight has been hard and things looked dark, God has been with us and NINE precious souls have stepped into the light of God, and so far appear to be getting along well. Thank God. We are going in to help win the twenty thousand souls.

CAPT. BARBER.

Willing to be Soldiers

COBOURG.—In the past two weeks we have had FOUR souls, three of these are willing to become soldiers, and we are believing for the fourth. Meetings are good, and soldiers are in earnest so look out for a big harvest of souls. We fight in the strength of our King.

CAPT. N. COOK.

Where Do YOU Buy Your Uniform?

TRY

The Army Stores, Toronto.

New Brunswick News.

D. O. McINTYRE.

Saved on Sunday, Buried on Sunday.

CHATHAM, N.B.—The fire burns brightly here. In spite of the cold weather the spiritual thermometer is on the rise. On Friday night we were gladdened by seeing four souls seeking a pure heart. The "boys" here love the S.A. They have fixed us up a platform so that the soldiers are enabled to come from behind the scenes and have full swing at the unsaved. Sunday night we held Sister Whyte's memorial service. She was saved Sunday, Feb. 2nd, and buried Sunday, Feb. 9th. Our barracks was packed. As the truths were dealt out, and the realities of life, death, judgment, heaven, and hell were brought before them, the whole audience seemed to be moved, but none would yield. Still we cry "Christ shall reign."

CAPT. KIMBLE.

No Place Like Home.

CAMPBELLTON, N.B.—"The salvation of the righteous is of the Lord." Therefore the devil cannot rub it off. Hallelujah! In the name of God and for the salvation of the people, we are in Campbellton. We had the joy on Sunday afternoon of seeing ONE backslider return home. "There's no Friend like Jesus, there's no place like home." Sinner, get in earnest about your soul. There is salvation for you. Hurry up or you will miss it.

CAPT. McDONALD.

They Have the Witness.

ST. GEORGE.—Said "good-bye" to the people of H—— and got orders to come to St. George. Since coming here we have had blessed times, and just now there are some who are almost persuaded to give up sin. By the help of God we are in for making it hot for the devil. We are going to have victory here, for we have the witness. Hallelujah! No surrender.

E. C. MARCH.

Ask your Captain to supply you with a copy of

"All The World."

It contains some wonderful news of all countries.

KINGSTON KNOTS!

MAJOR BAUGH.

A Packed Barracks

STIRLING.—I arrived here Saturday, Feb. 1st, to find a nice little corps of soldiers and two small bands (brass and string). The bands are a great help to us here. The bandsmen and women are anxious to do all they can to help extend God's kingdom. We have had good meetings, but as yet no souls. Last night our barracks was packed full, they had not seen such a crowd for over a year, and we had the best of order. I believe a lasting impression was made upon many hearts. "Victory," is our motto.

CAPT. WOOLLEY.

Not Captain-Saved

SUNBURY.—

"He promised He never would leave me,
No, never alone."

Since farewelling with our Captain, two weeks ago, we have been fighting alone, yet not alone, for though we have had no Capt., we went forward in the strength of Jehovah, and have been enabled to rejoice over TWO volunteers for the Master. The power and the glory is the Lord's, and in Him we trust.

J. A. VANCE.

Walking by Faith

TRENTON.—We are still walking by faith more than by sight. True, we are having good meetings and apparently souls are deeply convicted, but they are a long time deciding. ONE soul has sought the Saviour and accepted Him since last report, for which we thank God and take courage.

CAPT. WERRY and WIFE.

A Queer Report, Who Writes It?

Christ is the vine
Around which we twine,
No retreating, hell defeating,
Is our battle cry,
For with Jesus so near us,
To lead us along,
Onward we go,
Not fearing the foe,
To Victory we go.

LONDON LIGHTS.

MAJOR PHILPOTT.

Unity is Strength.

ALVINSTON.—Truly God is in our midst, and making His arm bare to the salvation of souls. This past week has been a blessed time to our souls. God is working in our meetings. A good day yesterday. Barracks packed. The Methodist minister helped on the platform Sunday night. THREE prisoners and THREE backsliders for the week. Soldiers and converts doing well. Largest march yesterday we have had for a long time. Give to Jesus glory. Yours to win,

CAPT. SAM WIGGINS.

Some Have Come.

Praise God, we're nicely saved from sin,
And by His grace we're going to win;
Right glad we are that some have come,
Knelt at the cross and gave up sin.
He cleansed their hearts from every stain,
In His power they victory gain,
Living to glorify His name,
Loving the Lord who wrought the change.

LIEUT. JENNIE STOREY.

God is All-Mighty.

ST. MARY'S.—This place has had a hard name in the past, but it is not so bad after all. Although the devil is here and is strong, yet God Almighty and His warriors live here also. When we received orders for here, we claimed victory at once, and have had it so far. God has been saving souls every week. Up to the present SEVEN have professed conversion. One lad, who was saved one night, carried the drum the next. It was hard, but God helped him; also a girl had to leave home because she got saved in the Army, and felt God wanted her to be a soldier. Another lad, let out of jail one night, got saved in our meetings the next. Last night we closed our meetings rejoicing over THREE more who had just given their hearts to God. To Him be all the praise and glory.

CAPT HAY.

'Twas Good to be There.

LONDON.—Yesterday was a grand day of victory. We commenced sharp at 7 a. m. and went right in for souls, but we did not have a move till night, when SIX souls come forward and sought the Lord. It was indeed good to be there. Oh! what groaning and weeping for pardon and freedom, and what shouts of joy from the redeemed of the Lord! Lots are under deep conviction, and we shall do our best to win them for the King.

CAPT. ED. KELLY.

23 Enroled.

WYOMING.—God has been with us in saving power. Since last report THREE more souls have left the way of sin, and are now walking in the light of God. We had an enrolment the other night, and 23 stood up to fight for God under the good old Army flag. "May God keep them true," is our prayer. Amen.

CAPT. MATTIE KEMP.

The Town Stirred.

CLINTON.—A visit from Major Philpott and his A.D.C. on Friday stirred the town up a bit. Good meetings on Sunday, TWO souls in the fountain. Here goes for for the 20,000. Yours seeking the lost,

TOM AND DAVE.

Smash Their Hard Hearts.

GODERICH.—Through rain and mud, and many other things, we have come off victorious, thank God. We have had SIX souls since last report, and ONE backslider. All the powers of hell seem to bind the sinners in this town, but God's Spirit will more than ever smash their hard hearts. Bless God.

CAPT. SLOTE.

Out-and-Out-Ism.

SARNIA.—Being privileged to spend a week end here, the following is a few things that attracted my attention:—

1st. CRYS all sold Saturday night, none for Sunday. That will interest PRY.

2nd. Good crowds at the open-air meetings.

3rd. Good crowds inside of just the right kind of people, no mistaking sinners for saints here.

4th. Testimonies from soldiers have the right ring in them. Quite a few were from converts, some not above 1 and 2 months saved.

5th. I noticed that Captain has laid in quite a stock of red bands, badges, bonnets, and S.S's, which means more out-and-out-ism.

6th. Things are going up, and with one accord all seem bent on living, so that they can exhort on the "Do as I do line."

WILLIE ORR.

'P.S.—[I am very pleased to hear of the demand for the WAR CRY. Increase your order at once, Captain. God bless you.]

PRY.

BUY THE NEW ALMANAC FOR 1890.

THE RINK
Welcomes Col. Bailey Home
FROM CANADA.

The Foreign Secretary Hands Him Over to Commissioner Howard pro tem.

REPRESENTATIVES OF TEN NATIONALITIES.

FROM A SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

Judging from the magnificent congregation gathered together and the hearty reception given him, the people of Regent's Hall were as glad to welcome home Col. and Mrs. Bailey as they had been to pay his fare to get rid of him when he went out to Canada three and a half years ago. He is in proper condition, and if Canada has done nothing else for him it has put some flesh on his bones, and given him a wife, who, if his word can be taken, is the best woman in the world.

Its an education in itself from a Salvation Army point of view to go to Regent's Hall, sit in the seat, and think that from that one corps over 300 hundred officers have been sent into the work, and that over 70 have gone out as Foreign Missionaries, and are to-day representing every grade of officer from colonel downwards. The corps is, as Commissioner Howard said, a Missionary Society in itself, and will bear comparison with any one place of worship of any denomination in the world for the men and women it has given to God.

A remark made by an officer the other day was brought forcibly to my mind, "If there are any Canadians knocking about you'll always find Staff-Capt. Eadie hanging round," for the first person I saw as I entered the vestry was this veritable individual, looking as happy as if he had got every English officer comfortably settled in an appointment suited to their capacity, or that the Foreign Office was never going to trouble him any more over the International Disposition.

Looking round the platform I could not help thinking, "This is quite an international gathering," for there were representatives of no less than ten different nationalities, not grouped intentionally, but who had in an ordinary manner dropped in to give a welcome home to our comrades. The old standard,

"Storm the forts of darkness,"

gave a swinging start to the meeting, and after prayer by Major Cooke, of the Slums, and Mrs. Major Harding, an old Regent Hall soldier, Staff-Capt. Morrell sang,

"I'll stand for Christ alone."

No one need ask "Did it go?" because if it is at all likely to lag, he enlists every member of his body into service, and with head, hands, and feet, pushes it along.

Commissioner Howard, who in the absence of Commissioner Railton led the meeting, was in good form. He thought of playing second fiddle, but unexpectedly found himself seated on the box; but as the Foreign Secretary was present he did not intend doing such driving. They had not met to pour jam on Col. Bailey or say, "Glory be to him!" for that he felt would be hateful to him, and he would feel like getting out of the meeting; but if some sinner gets saved, or some saint quickened into a more active service, or some Salvationist made ready to stand for Christ alone either at home or abroad, Colonel Bailey's heart would be made glad. His remark that a Salvationist was always ready to stand on his head if desirable, or get married as often as was necessary, seemed to tickle the audience immensely, and yet it did seem very appropriate, for no less than four of the speakers had new wives.

Referring to the work of the Salvation Army, he said, here in London, where the comparative handful of Salvationists were lost in the teeming multitudes of population around them, they were not able to see it to advantage, but in new countries like Canada, from which our comrades have just returned, the power of the Salvation Army to adapt itself to the needs of the people and root itself into the soil was seen. He felt that the Salvation Army was the right peg in the right hole, and whether the hole was round or square the S. A. seemed to fit and adapt itself to the manners and customs of whatever people it found itself among. In Australia it was equally at home in the bush or in large towns, and so in Canada. In the lumber forests of the great North-West. In the bigger cities or smaller towns or villages, we have between 900 and 1000 officers who are carrying on our regular work, and in 322 stations which are established, God is enabling us to get souls saved.

"I do want, as the London Divisional Officer, as it were, to welcome to this our division Col. and Mrs. Bailey, and whilst this is their own division, there is the happy circumstance that they are dropped down for their first meeting at their own corps. Col. Bailey is one of the gallant 300 officers who have gone out from this corps, out of which number 70 are now fighting in the Foreign Field. If there is a great Missionary Society the Regent Hall corps is one, and I for one am proud to have anything to do with such a corps. If this were the 20th instead of the 6th we should have the pleasure of wishing Col. Bailey many happy returns of the day, as that is the 6th anniversary of the day on which he received his first command." He then called on Colonel Nicol, the Foreign Secretary.

The Foreign Secretary has one verse which he trots out on every possible occasion, and as soon as Commissioner Howard suggested a chorus, before he spoke out it came:

"With salvation for every nation."

He sings that 12.30 in the train, hums it on the street and about the office, and seems thoroughly possessed with the idea that it is the panacea for all the woes of humanity. This is his one idea, and he lives only to carry it out. "Hands as well as hearts," said the Colonel, and we clapped out the chorus. "We never will give in." He was not in for a long speech, but after apologizing for the absence of Commissioner Railton, who was away in the north of France, he handed over for a little time to the tender mercies of the London officers, Col. and Mrs. Bailey.

From what he had known of Colonel Bailey from correspondance during the past two years, he was sure he was not here merely because he obeyed the General's orders, but because when he deliberately decided for Christ, he gave himself over for use in the salvation of the world, to follow wherever he should lead.

I judge Col. Bailey, he said, to be a man who knows his business, and who, when he makes up his mind to do a thing, means to see it through; and some years ago, when he was sitting in one of the seats, the cross of Christ had a charm for his heart which dimmed and sunk into the shade all the lustre of a business life in this great metropolis.

Referring to the progress since made by Col. Bailey, he said he had commenced to run, but stopping to take breath he looked around him to the right and left, and took hold of some one to run with him; and two are better than one in this race. He thanked Regent's Hall corps for being the instrument in God's hands of giving to the Salvation Army such a blood-and-fire soldier as Col. Bailey. He came to the Foreign Wing properly saved, and we hand him back to the London Division properly saved, and, I believe, a better man and a better soldier than when we got him—with a better half.

Before Col. Bailey was asked to speak, Commissioner Howard asked for an old chorus and we sang,

"I will follow Thee, my Saviour."

Col. Bailey said when he landed in Liverpool he felt like a stranger in a strange land, and this feeling had possessed him until he landed in the old Rink. Then all seemed clear to him and he felt, "This is home." He had looked back upon the Rink and thanked God for it. It had been practical concerning him, having given £10 to pay his fare when he went to Canada, and he considered it well spent money, for he had gone as a representative of Jesus Christ, and had been enabled to live for His glory. Commissioner Howard's heart was made glad to know it was at a holiness meeting led by him that Col. Bailey came out as a seeker. Not finding the blessing he came and came again, until the soldiers began to look upon him as a Penitent-form Jack, but he came until he received the blessing. He was over head and ears in debt, and it was not until he had written down his debts and how much salary he was getting, and made arrangements how he would pay them, that God sanctified him. I was ambitious, but I brought all my ambitions in a bundle to God, and He tied them in one with the cords of His love, and all my ambitions were centered in the purpose of the Cross, and my life is a proof to all men that Christ can keep.

Alluding to his farewell for the Training Home, his first appointment, and then to Canada he said one of the greatest proofs of his love for Canada was that he had taken one of its daughters as his wife. It was a land of promise, a land flowing with milk and honey, and he thought he should be tempted to sing "'Tis there I would always abide," if he had not already learned to sing "No home on earth have I." He was more of a Salvationist to-day than ever; had a firmer conviction that its principles were true, and was determined to stand by it in joy or in difficulty. He would share in its victories, and if it went down was willing to go with it. He owed to it all he was to-day, it had developed all his powers spiritual and mental, and if he had not blest Canada, Canada had blest him.

He was going to introduce his wife, but Commissioner Howard said "Not before the collection." This was taken up whilst the band played

"Bound for Canaan's shore."

Commissioner Howard welcomed Mrs. Bailey to one of the brightest spots on the earth.

Mrs. Bailey said her feelings in one sentence was the first line of the chorus we sang at the commencement, "Glory, honor to the Lamb." As I looked around, I thought: "This is the place God made that husband of mine into the use he is; whilst I was over there in Canada, God was fixing that husband of mine." I thank God for it, and also that he is moulding me into the woman he wants me to be. I like the term used for the meeting, "Welcome home," because it seemed as if it said to me, "You have left your own home, but we welcome you to another one." She had left loved ones behind her, but the parting with loved ones had not been able to move her in the way the parting with the poor girls of the Rescue Home had done. When about to take up the Rescue Work some-one said that contact with such people would contaminate her, as it was impossible to touch pitch without diflement, but someone had said if the hand of Jesus was placed upon the leper He received not the leprosy but gave one healing.

Commissioner Howard introduced to the meeting Capt. Brokenshire, who had come from Canada for training previous to going to Japan, describing its people as the diamond edition of humanity.

Capt. Brokenshire, after thanking God for the salvation of his own soul, said that although in Japan there were 71,000 square miles less area than in the Province he had come from (Ontario,) it had a population of 60,000,000, out of which only 30,000 were Christians. Missionaries had had a great measure of success, and the S. A. with all its aggressiveness would be a great power in the country. Japan needed the S. A., and is worthy of the best material it can give, and he believed by its instrumentality in Japan a band of people would be raised willing to go to the uttermost parts of the world.

Denmark was represented by Mrs. Fahleson, whose sentence in broken English, "I have got a new husband, thank God," sounded rather amusing, but when she went on to say he was not the first in her affections, it was evident the "praise God" was not for the new husband so much as for the fact that God was to her a greater reality than ever, occupying even now the first place in her affections.

Major Buller, of German-Switzerland, who was introduced by the Commissioner as another man with a new wife, evidently did not need to pray "Lord, give me a good conceit of myself," for the way in which he said "Those on the platform will agree with me that I could not have chosen a better wife out of the whole 3000 officers," proved that he took great credit to himself for the wisdom of his choice. Speaking of his work, he said he had been for the past two years fighting in Switzerland, and he thanked God for it. They had had every window smashed in their last four openings; a hole had been made in the wall and soldiers put into the water, but in spite of all difficulties God was with them. They had only one English officer out of fifty, and they had a band of 600 brave soldiers.

The news that telegraphic information had been received saying that the bitter persecution in Switzerland had been entirely smashed, was received with acclamation by the audience.

The meeting was brought to a close with prayer by Major Harding.

TO OUR AUXILIARIES.

"Let the Lord be magnified, which hath pleasure in the prosperity of His servant."

Fully His, at His entire, unquestioned disposal, we have a right to expect success wherever the dear Lord casts our lot.

During the last week we have realized gladly that He "hath pleasure in the prosperity" of our department. Has He not sent us several new members, and are not our hopes for the attainment of our present Alp of desire—one thousand Canadian Auxiliaries—growing brighter continually?

"It is just as easy for the Lord to send us a thousand as five hundred," we argued on our way to the office yesterday morning. We prayed accordingly for the thousand, and almost as soon as we arrived at the Temple, we received the earnest of our desire in the shape of two new Auxiliaries.

If each new Auxiliary will gain us another it will not be very long before our present number is doubled, and the work must roll on with accelerated speed during 1890.

* * * *

We gratefully acknowledge the receipt of several cordial letters from Divisional Officers in response to our circular asking for information and co-operation. We tender special thanks to Major Glover, Staff-Capt. and Mrs. Southall, Staff-Capts. Simcoe and Scott for their many kind wishes and prayers for the success of this branch of the war, as well as for the valuable assistance they have already rendered us.

* * * *

Major Glover deserves a very special vote of thanks from the Auxiliary Department for the trouble he has taken to forward our work among Army friends in his division. His inspiring one-word text, "Victory," was duly appreciated in our little room.

* * * *

We should like to show Major all the "lions" of the Auxiliary Room. Among its chief treasures is a well worn sandal which once belonged to dear Miss Bhai—presented to the Department by our new Chief. We like to watch for a certain look which appears on a Salvationist's face when we show this relic.

The tears came the first time we held it in our hands, and thought of all the weary marches, all the devoted self-sacrifice and burning zeal for souls represented by that bit of Army shoe-leather.

We like to fancy the stories read by the angels in our comrades' old shoes following closely in the path trod by those sandals which toiled so unweariedly through the dusty highways of Galilee and Judea, finally up Calvary's steep for us.

It is easy to criticise Army "modes and measures," from a drawing-room standpoint, out of the comfortable depths of a softly-cushioned chair; it is not so easy to follow step by step in the foot-prints of Calvary's Christ who "saved others, Himself He could not save"—*could not* simply because irresistible love for perishing humanity forbade.

* * * *

The above reminds us of a visit we had from Mother Florence this morning. Her usually beaming face was overshadowed with sorrow as she told us some of the disappointments incident to Rescue Work in the Drunkards' Home. It was a pitiful tale of temptation yielded to. "Set apart to suffer;" Mother wound up with a big sob, "That's what we are after all."

Following the Lamb there is no other alternative, "Set apart to suffer," is included in that "full consecration" some people make so readily, or rather fancy they are making at an Army Holiness Table.

We have learned to thank the dear Lord most of all for "the fellowship of His sufferings." It is here that He has taught us Life's deepest lessons; it is here also that we have enjoyed closest communion with Himself, the "Man of Sorrows."

The sanctified soul deliberately chooses to "follow the Lamb" once and for all eternity, whithersoever He goeth."

* * * *

The Auxiliary League is open to any comrade in our ranks who may wish to help on the war by becoming a subscriber. We shall welcome thankfully all such Soldier-Auxiliaries.

* * * *

The new badges and tickets of membership for our Auxiliaries have not yet arrived, although they have been ordered for some time past. We regret the unavoidable delay, but shall forward them as speedily as possible.

The new Auxiliary badge is a great improvement on the old brass pin. Although the wearing of it is entirely optional, yet we trust our Auxiliaries will show their colors by bravely donning it for Jesus.

* * * *

An Auxiliary writes:—"I intend to wear it at home when I get it. I am not ashamed of Jesus or His cause."

He also forwards us a list of friends likely to become Auxiliaries. Our warmest thanks are due in the direction of Morrisburg.

"The soul's true rest is God alone,
For Him its throne was made,
Exalted there He too must be,
If thou would'st know thy Lord."

M. S. N.

Fred Moss Has Landed.

The Australian *War Cry* says:—"Always something new in the Salvation Army. Imagine Canadian Moss being discovered in Australia. And yet its a fact. Staff-Capt. Moss, of Canada, who has been for some time connected with the Correspondence Department at the Dominion Headquarters, arrived by the mail steamer "Zealandia" last week. Certainly it was partially expected that he would arrive some time, but his coming so suddenly was a surprise to all. He is appointed to the Territorial Headquarters, Melbourne.

READY SHORTLY,
NEW SONG BOOK,
5 CENTS EACH

FROM MY TABLE.

Do Salvation Army Bands Annoy Sick People?

No. 1.—A gentleman laying ill with rheumatic fever sent the other Sunday asking us to stand as usual near his house as the band would not disturb him.

No. 2.—Another gentleman asked us kindly to move, as his children had the mumps.

No. 3.—"I think," said a well-to-do-lady to me the other day, "you make it a rule to march around this way Sunday afternoon to disturb people, and as for Sister — you can hear her voice above the church bells." Glory to God!

No. 4.—A Church of England minister, whilst preaching to his congregation, told them to take the Salvation Army for an example, adding, "You don't see them peeping through the house window curtains to see what kind of weather it is outside; they are up and at it from Sunday morn till night."

* * *

The following is a pretty good example of the experience of thousands, nay, millions who are living alone in this world:

Corn bread when I'm hungry,
Whiskey when I'm dry,
Greenbacks when I'm hard up,
Heaven when I die.

* * *

DEAR COMRADE,—

I enclose again 25 cts. for the WAR CRY. I have received three or four numbers and I tell you it has been a feast to my soul. I think I would enjoy your meetings very much. I like anything pertaining to salvation, full of intense earnestness. I never had the privilege of seeing any of the dear Army soldiers, but I am much interested in your work. I would like to assist you financially, but I am a poor man. I believe our Father in heaven has more poor children than rich ones, but "God bless the Salvation Army," is my prayer. Canada was my former home, many years ago. I am or was acquainted with many places that I read about in the CRY. I would like to say to every dear soldier to never forget this one grand promise, "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life." Oh, is this not enough? but we get even more, for we have the promise of the life that now is, as well as that which is to come. Good-bye, dear comrade, may our God be with you and abundantly bless your work, until not only 20,000, but seven times 20,000 are rescued and fully saved.

H.L.B.

* * *

Casting Out the Dumb Devil.

(From the English War Cry.)

The writer remembers when he got saved some years ago that it was a very hard cross for him to testify or pray in public meetings.

Capt. Sammy Blackburn, now in Canada, was leading a soldiers' meeting one night, and towards the close said, "We'll pray all round." One after another prayed until all had done so except three, and then came a full stop.

"Pray," said Captain, but not a word came forth. "You must pray. We'll sing a chorus to help you." No stir. Another chorus. A few moments in silent prayer. Then my comrades broke out in a few words, and my turn came at last. Three-quarters of an hour more passed away. "I'm determined to keep every one of you here all night on your knees unless he prays," says the Captain, and at last I managed to repeat a few words dictated by the officer, but I have had perfect liberty ever since.

A.E.W.

* * *

Notice to Contributors.

Please note that contributions to the WAR CRY must be written on ONE SIDE of the paper only, plainly in ink, and must be authenticated by the NAME AND ADDRESS of the writer. We cannot undertake to return unsuitable manuscript.

Press matter for publication, if marked to that effect, and left open at the ends, goes through the post at book rate of postage.

All literary matter should be addressed to THE EDITOR, WAR CRY, SALVATION TEMPLE, TORONTO, and should reach us not later than WEDNESDAY NOON in each week. PRESS TELEGRAMS should reach us by THURSDAY NOON for the current WAR CRY.

* * *

Critic.—"How are you, Editor?"
Editor.—"Properly saved, thanks."
Critic.—"Are you? Then why don't you get your paper saved?"
Editor.—"The paper's all right."
Critic.—"No it isn't, there is too much nonsense in it."

Too much nonsense, my worthy friend,
Nonsense, did you say?
Of the word nonsense give to me
Your definition pray.
Does it mean to record souls saved—
Prodigals coming home—
Decisions made to leave sin's track,
And there no longer roam?
Is't nonsense to urge both young and old
To lives of consecration,
To help in rescuing others deep
In sin and degradation?
Or can it be, O critic bold!
That fruit of "Come Home" column—
That's bringing wanderers home by scores—
Doth make thee look so solemn?
Nonsense, my friend! From WAR CRY's page
Is read the truth of heaven—
News of God's own well-loved Son,
Whose blood for all was given.
And WAR CRY converts may be found
In almost every nation—
Drunkards, harlots, saved by grace—
Partakers of salvation,
Who now thank God for the paper brave—
Which brought them to His favor;
To them in very truth 'twere said
The WAR CRY was a saviour.
My critic friend, one thing I'd ask,
Does CRY nonsense contain?
Or really (tell it not to Gath)
Is't fruit of thine own brain?

* * *

Which Route?

GREAT SALVATION RAILROAD.

From earth to heaven! Scenery unsurpassed! *Via* Mt. Calvary, the River of Life, Paradise Garden, the High Rock, etc., through the Valley of the Shadow of Death by daylight, to the Grand Central Depot of the Universe, to the City of Gold, without change of cars. Express trains at all hours! Depot, corner of Faith and Repentance Avenues! All cars first-class! Fare:—thy sins. No half-passes!

PRINCE OF LIGHT,
President.

RUINATION RAILROAD.

Quick route to hell! Many miles and much time saved by this line. Terrific scenery! Through Dismal Swamp, Murderer's Gap, Hangman's Gorge, etc., reaching the Valley of the Shadow of Death at midnight, plunging the passengers into Eternal Woe! Main Depot, corner of Unbelief and Disobedience Streets. Specials from Ingersoll Park, Dime-Novel Avenue, Theatre Street, Blasphemer's Hall, Smokers Furnace, and Sample-Room Square. Lightning trains from Suicide Avenue! Extra trains on Sundays! This railroad connects at Libertine Landing with all night-boats to Perdition. Fare:—thy soul. "He that believeth not shall be damned."—*Bible.*

PRINCE OF DARKNESS,
President.

* * *

A Winnipeg Sergeant's Experience.

DEAR COMRADES,—

I am thankful that God has brought me out of the pit of sin into His marvellous light. I was born in Hamilton, Scotland, in 1856 and came to Canada in 1872, where I became acquainted and mixed up with bad companions and soon got into sin, taking things from the house and trading with them and selling them again. On one occasion I just escaped the penitentiary by having a thrashing every day for six weeks with a horse whip, but when I came out I was as bad as ever. I started to work in Winnett's Furniture Factory to learn a trade, but the devil had possession of me and I spent my time in drinking, playing cards and pool. When the Salvation Army came to the city I went to have some fun and disturb the meeting, and when they spoke to me about my soul I only laughed at them, till one night one said, "Young man, wouldn't you like to get saved," and God spoke through him, and when he said, "Get right and set your mother an example," the words went to my heart like a two-edged sword, and I was soon at the penitent-form crying and asking God to forgive me for my wasted, sinful past. From that night Jesus has been precious to me and kept me from sin and evil, and, hallelujah, He can do the same for any sinner.

"Alas, and did my Saviour bleed,
And did my Sovereign die,
Did He devote His sacred head
For such a worm as I."

War Office Affairs Scattered Broadcast

THROUGHOUT THE

Dominion.

BY ONE IN IT.

Oh! how those noon knee-drills seem to strengthen us spiritually, and how near Jesus comes, as we kneel in prayer for a few minutes every day unitedly. Comrades, officers, and soldiers; can't you feel the blessed influence of these seasons of prayer? We do pray in faith that God will sustain you in your varied difficulties in connection with the war.

War Office.

Yes! yes! yes! let it be understood once for all, throughout our fair Dominion that within the Temple of bricks and mortar, there is a collection of living spiritual temples; temples of the living God, who delight in the privilege of pushing on the pen-and-ink war; for after all, business done in the Spirit of Jesus, must tell on the great Reckoning Day, and I for my part, mean to do my work as unto God, then I shall share in the spoil, Hallelujah!

War Office.

Still the noise of the hammer, the sound of the saw, and other noises kindred to carpenters' work, can be heard throughout the building, and on my travels, I see that these men who turn things upside down, have succeeded on this line at the War Office lately, for entering the front store on Albert Street, I see things have changed, there being a neat little office fixed in one corner, besides other alterations.

War Office.

Now, what does all this change mean? Well, the fact is that Staff-Capt. Sweetman has arrived, after a grand series of farewell meetings among his Ambitious friends in the Ambitious City. He is appointed Trade Secretary; and as such, will devote his whole energies to pushing forward the trade. We welcome him, and pray that the dear Lord will give him much success and blessing in his new sphere of labor, and we don't forget Mrs. Sweetman. God bless the Trade Department.

War Office.

And then from what I hear, there is to be a general twist-round in many of the other Departments. What officers or office this changes will effect, I know not; for if I do get a bit of news, and I get very little, I must keep it dark. However, perhaps I shall be able to enlighten you next week. I must say that the paint on the Store windows gives the place a more war-like appearance.

War Office.

Our dear Commissioner has his hands very full, and I believe he, with his staff are anticipating great things during their Eastern and Newfoundland tour. The Chief and Field Secretaries are rushing business; in fact, the Salvation business was never more rushing at the War Office than it is at present. All hands are on the deck of the old ship, and God is helping us to man the ropes, and send her along to the haven of victory.

War Office.

And then I learn we shall soon have to say "good-bye" to Adjutant Tommy, for has it not been decreed that he shall form one of the new band, called the "Musical Musketeers?" Oh dear! with Major Holland, Tommy the Nailer, Griff, the other Tommy, Sister Lee, and Nellie, with all their various instruments, what a treat the Newfoundlanders will get. Now I must confess that I should like to go too but somebody must abide by the stuff, and we'll help them with our prayers.

War Office.

Then I have to welcome the new arrivals, among them being Mr. and Mrs. Mayes, who have arrived to take the janitorship of the Temple, in which, I am sure they will be able to glorify God and push on the war. But where does Lewis go to? Wait, meekly wait. The S. A. is big, and no doubt he will find another corner to work in. Cadet Gravett has come to help in the Correspondence Department, where we trust God will bless his efforts.

War Office.

Irish Bob, beg pardon, Capt. Cunningham, has been awaiting orders for a few days, and now proceeds on special spiritual work in the Peterboro' Division. Most of the War Office boys have gone into the singing business, having been appointed to assist Major Margetts in a series of singing battles throughout the T. H. Division. "Any musical talent at Toronto?" do you say; well, I should say there is! Did you ever hear Bruno, Lofty, George, John Nos. 1, 2, and 3? I too love singing.

HERE WE ARE.

Adams, Young, and Holland,
Morton, Walton, Head,
Griffiths, Plant, and Leighton,
Happy are indeed.
Manton, Neal and Fisher,
Wiggins, Boyler, Golds,
Friedrich, Wood and Andrews,
Salvation still uphold.
Rogers, Locke and Cicero,
Mrs. Jones as well,
Cunningham and Hartrey,
Are saved from sin and hell.
Clipperton and Dusten,
Madden, Loftus Stark,
Carpenter and Elliott
Are making a sure mark.
Shaw, McMillan, Lemon,
Mother Bisbee, Gravett too;
Sisters Smith and Churchill,
Love the yellow, red, and blue.
McAllister, Frank Fisher,
On H.Q. since the fall;
D.O. Sweetman just arrived,
Charles Adams, L. McColl.

— FROM —

Behind the Scenes in Toronto

TO THE

FRONT OF THE THRONE.

It is not always at the front that the most efficient soldiers are placed. Sometimes a few are reserved in the rear in case of need.

True, there are many of God's jewels shining brightly in front of His Mighty host, and leading them forth to battle and victory, while many a soldier is playing a prominent part in some fight, but there are a few really noble hearts behind the scenes, ever ready to bind up and console a wounded comrade; to comfort a mourner, or cheer a disconsolate one, and possessing such a willing and joyful spirit with all. That to those who watch and see, as also to those who partake of the blessings brought by these "Mothers in Israel," there can only be one impression given, and that such are true followers of the meek and lowly Jesus of Nazareth.

Such an one was MAGGIE MCINTYRE, who within only a few days notice, was hurried off to meet her Lord.

Some time ago she was a candidate for the work, and was much disappointed, seemingly, when the way did not open for her to go out in the world in a broader sphere to help her dear Lord "to seek and to save that which was lost." Disappointed, I said, but I do not mean discontented.

"La Gripre" seized her, and in a short time her work was done; but if you were to enquire as to her godly life, character, and work in the circle of Bro. Duncan's family and relatives, from brother, sister, niece and nephew, there would come a spontaneous and simultaneous response something like the following: "A more devoted, true, humble, and self-sacrificing life was never lived."

Her sick room, if not all times in an audible voice, yet in whispers and in intent, was filled with praises to her King.

"Jesus, Saviour, Thou art *more* than life to me," was constantly falling from her lips, and she passed away with the words faintly breathed from her inmost soul:—

"Pass me not, Oh, gentle Saviour!"

And on the resurrection morn from Mount Pleasant Cemetery will rise the glorified form of Maggie McIntyre, and she taking her place among the Blood-washed, will help to swell the choruses:—

"Unto Him Who hath washed us in Blood, etc., be glory and dominion for ever."

J. E. MARGETTS, Major.

SONGS! SONGS!!
Look out for the NEW SONG BOOK, only 5 cents.

TORONTO TRIUMPHS.

MAJOR SPOONER.

Jesus Does Answer Prayer.

BOWMANVILLE. — Here we are at Bowmanville, after leaving our comrades at Petrolia. (God bless them very much.) We find a proper fighting corps of soldiers and God is going to give us mighty victories. We have seen TEN precious souls seeking forgiveness from God this past week. Jesus does answer prayer and they are testifying to it. We are going to give the best turn that is in us and give Jesus glory. CAPT. J. TEMPLE.

A Grand Victory.

OSHAWA.—Thank God we are still gaining ground on the devil. We had Major Spooner with us, Saturday and Sunday. The meetings were full of life and go and the power of the Holy Ghost took hold on the hearts of the people, and TEN poor weary sin-sick souls came weeping their way to the Cross for pardon. Some of these have been coming to the meetings ever since the Army came to town, but God can break the hardest heart. We close the week with ELEVEN souls saved and six for full salvation. "We are sure we shall win, for we fight in the strength of our King. CAPT. G. MILLER.

A Fighting Band.

OWEN SOUND.—"Farewell," said the wire, and although only having been to two meetings in two weeks, we were determined to have a good time. Saturday night's meeting was good, and so was knee-drill Sunday morning. Twelve were there and got a great blessing to their souls. (I was not one of them, but I don't like to miss knee-drill.) Holiness meeting God did meet with us, and as we listened to each other's words our hearts did burn in us as we drew nearer to God. In the afternoon we had a nice crowd. One lad gave the account of his own life. May it be a lesson to others. Our faith was strong at night. The bandsmen's prayer meeting was good, and we promised to be a fighting band and do more for God and precious souls than ever. Amen. The band played in the open-air, also inside, "Would Jesus have the sinner die," and it took hold of the people in power. After a few words of farewell the prayer meeting started and it was prayer in good earnest, and God answered. TWO precious souls came and found pardon. We had a march round the barracks led by the boys who carry the brass playing, "I'm glad I'm in the Army and I'll battle for the Lord." After a volley or two we parted to meet again at the Bar of God. "May we be found faithful," prays CAPT. DESSON.

Good Signs

SUTTON.—Some say the Army will soon die out, but we say "No." Our crowds are increasing and the interest rising, and collections going up and officers and soldiers well saved and going in for victory. ONE soul since last report. CHURCHILL AND COWAN.

T. T. H. TRINKETS!

MAJOR MARGETTS.

Seventy-Eight Years of Sin Gone

RIVERSIDE.—For some time we have been fighting and slowly gaining on the enemy. We give God all the glory for what He is doing. As the people sit in their seats the Spirit takes hold of them, and we trust some of them get saved. One old gentleman seventy-eight years old stood up in the meeting and told us God had saved him while listening to the singing of a song. To-day he is doing all he can for Jesus, even though he came in the eve of his life, he is proving that God can help him to glorify Him. THREE have come forward to the penitent-form for salvation. We are believing to have our share in the twenty thousand souls. HELENA MATTHEWS, Brig.-Capt.

A Hurricane Coming.

RICHMOND ST.—In the past week the Lord has been with us in a special manner. On Saturday night we saw the clouds getting very black and we knew the showers were coming. On Sunday morning at knee drill we sang, "There shall be showers of blessing," and they did come too, I tell you. Holiness meeting came next, when three consecrated themselves afresh to God to live for Him. In the afternoon the clouds still were lowering and made us each one feel like hiding ourselves in God. We went to the meeting at night expecting to have a wonderful smash, got down to pray, when the Spirit of God gripped the hearts of the unsaved. ONE came forward, then the Lord so took hold of Capt. that he hardly knew what to do. So he "stood still and saw the salvation of the Lord." You know after rain it is generally good fishing and [illegible] went out fishing, caught FIVE and dropped them in the fountain where they now are drinking of the life-giving waters. We closed with the sunshine of their countenance [illegible] another [illegible] look out for [illegible] King's kingdom. [illegible]

Going in for Big Things.

ARTHUR ST.—[illegible] coming to Arthur St. God has blessed [illegible] mighty manner. We have seen sinners and backsliders weeping on account of sin. Glory be to God. Last Thursday we had our anniversary meetings, and we had a real good time. Major, and T.H. boys [illegible] and Riverside brass band were with us. ONE soul, a Jew, at the close. We are going in for big things at Arthur St. God has promised to be with us all the way through. CAPT. [illegible] WARDER.

Our Motto is "Victory."

EGLINTON.—When my orders came to take charge of Eglinton I hardly know how I felt. I had heard so much about this place I expected to find it a very hard shop indeed. We went determined to have victory, and praise God, He always gives us what we go for. Hallelujah! We can not report souls yet, but we are doing all we can to win them for Jesus. We mean victory in our King's name. LIZZIE ISAACSON, Cadet-Capt.

BARRIE BOOMS.

D. O. BODY.

The Way Was Hard.

BRADFORD.—Praise God for another week of victory! We have had the privilege of seeing ONE precious soul weep his way to Calvary. Truly he found that the way of a backslider was hard. We trust that his new-made vows will not only be for a week or two, but for eternity. CAPT. AND MRS. BOXALL.

The Devil Lost Five Souls.

COLDWATER.—We are storming the forts of darkness here in Coldwater. Yesterday from seven in the morning till after ten at night with high faith in God we did storm the forts, and last night the powers of darkness fell. THREE lost sinners came to the precious blood of Jesus and got saved. This past week has been one of victory, TWO souls got saved during the past week. That makes FIVE the devil lost last week. Praise God for what He is doing here. CAPT. ELLERY.

Prayer, Faith and Works.

CREEMORE.—The Army isn't dead here yet, although for some weeks there hasn't been any meetings. Since we've come and started again we have been having some grand times, and we are believing that God is going to give us victory. Prayer, faith and works will tell on the people and get them saved. Lieutenant and I have determined to do our level best for this place. CAPT. PETTICREW.

He Couldn't Sleep

BRACEBRIDGE.—Some five weeks ago I arrived here to find myself amongst the rocky mountains of Muskoka. I feel quite at home amongst these jolly, good-natured people. We also have a band of good soldiers who know how to pray. We are bent on having a good share in bringing the 20,000 souls to God. We have had the joy of seeing FIVE step out of darkness into light. Said one brother on meeting him next morning, "Oh, Captain, I'm so happy, I never slept all night, but sang praises to my God." We believe this is verily the droppings of the showers that are yet to come. CAPT. M. A. SMITH.

A Voice From Columbia.

D. O. SCOTT.

A Ranting, Roaring Time.

VANCOUVER.—D. O. sent us word to arrange for a United Soldiers' tea, Public Meeting, and Half-Night of Prayer with the New Westminster corps, and to say the least about them, "They are a noisy lot," but we enjoyed their company very much. Everybody present seemed glad to have a cup of "tea" with the Staff-Capt. God bless him. The march preceding the Public Meeting was a stirring time; crowds came to the open-air ring, and many a shot was fired. The meeting was a ranting, roaring time. The Half-Night of Prayer was just on the lines we had been praying for, a soul-melting time, and when some saw their short-comings and uncleanness, they came out for deliverance from all. We had an old-time wind-up; it seemed to me more like letting the steam off. The Staff-Capt. was with us for Saturday and Sunday. Good time. TWO captures. To God be all the glory. CAPT. HAM.

Woodstock Wonders.

D. O. SHARP.

An Enrolment and Farewell.

INGERSOLL.—We have had a visit from Staff-Capt. Sharp this week, and had nine converts enroled, and ELEVEN sinners seeking salvation, of which nine are standing. The band played grand on Sunday, some real spirit in it. Things are moving in Ingersoll, and shall by the help of God, continue to move. Sunday night, Candidate Gertie Sandick farewelled for the T. H. May God keep her and every convert true, is our prayer. CAPT. T. COOMBS.

Five for Salvation.

NORWICH.—This past week the dear Lord has been with us. FIVE souls out for salvation. Our prayer is, Lord keep them true. Our trust is in God, Who is strong to deliver, and mighty to save from all sin. We give Him all the glory. CAPT. MASSECAR.

Almost Persuaded.

FERGUS.—We arrived here well saved, and were received by some warm-hearted friends, who made us feel right at home, and of course we are determined to have victory. Last Tuesday we had D.O. Sharp also Captains Peard and Webber with us. We had a good meeting, and some were almost persuaded to become Christians, but did not yield. We pray that they may be altogether persuaded very soon. Amen. CAPT. NELLIE WALKER.

Many Convicted.

AYR.—Praise God we are still alive here and fighting for God, with Captain Richardson in command. Sunday was a blessed day, good meetings and good crowds; many were convicted, but would not yield. We are confident of victory, for Jesus is our Leader, Hallelujah! We mean Ayr for God, Amen! CAND. CHANDLER.

WEST N. S. NEWS.

D.O. BEATTY.

Marching On.

DIGBY.—"Steadily forward march, to Jesus we will bring sinners of every kind, and He will take them in." This is just what we are doing, by the power of God, and He is helping us all the way along. Tuesday evening, the D.O. being with us, we had the satisfaction of seeing four recruits enrolled. To God be all the glory! On Friday night two souls sought the cleansing blood—one for sanctification and ONE for pardon. ALLEN & BYERS.

In Good Working Order.

LIVERPOOL.—After almost six months' fighting at Lunenburg, orders came for here, and we came full of faith for a great work to be done. We are going to do all we can for God and souls. The people and soldiers gave us a good welcome, and we found things in good working order. TWO SOULS came to Jesus and got saved on Thursday night. CAPT. L. WHITE.

"Ask What Ye Will."

CANNING.—Glad to report victory this past week. God has been with us in power and ONE SOUL fell at the feet of Jesus and got saved. Praise God! Jesus has said, "If ye abide in Me, and My words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will and it shall be done." Bless His name. We are believing for a lot more. CAPT. F. MCLEAN.

Life, Liberty, Power!

BEAR RIVER.—Hurrah! Hurrah! Now is your time to fire a volley, for the 222nd Battalion is having great times. The Musical Quartette have just been with us, and oh, what music!—why, it was immense! Our old friend Walter, of Yarmouth fame, better known as Capt. Archibald, did make the euphonium sound; and my, how the trombone did sound with the mouth of Tom Leavitt at one end of it! Capt. Evans did his best to make the cornet ring, despite his heavy moustache. And then our beloved Staff-Capt. Beatty, who was assisted by his wife with banjo. The meeting was one of life, liberty, and power. Whilst the Staff spoke from the topic of the "unseen line," the people listened attentively, drinking down every word, and although deep conviction prevailed, like Pharaoh they decided to hold on to the plague another day. Still, they are going to yield, for victory is sure. Crowds are increasing, and souls are going to surrender themselves to God. CAPT. WM. M. FIELD.

Warning them Faithfully.

BRIDGETOWN.—The Word of God tells us that if we warn not the people, their blood will be required at our hands. God has been helping us here in Bridgetown to warn the people faithfully. They seem to be very careless of their souls' salvation but God's Spirit is working. There is nothing impossible with God. He can break the hardest hearts and bring them to repentance. We are believing. [illegible] A. ARMSTRONG.

A Promotion to Glory.

HALIFAX I.—Some time has passed since writing my last report, but, praise God, we can report victory all along the line. Although the fight has been hard at times, yet God has stood by us, and not one week has gone by since we came here that we've not seen souls seeking salvation. Last Saturday we were called upon to attend the funeral of one of our comrades, Gordon Merriot, who, after a short but painful illness, was promoted to the ranks above on Wednesday last. The deceased came from Spring Hill about twelve months ago and entered our corps as a soldier, and those who knew him, both saved and unsaved, testify to the fact that he lived out his profession, and dying left behind him a glowing testimony of the saving and keeping power of Christ. Sunday, meetings good all day. At 7 a.m. God came very near, and gave us a good baptism of the power Jesus promised should come down. Again, at 11 o'clock our souls were lifted closer to Him. At 3 o'clock we had a real good old-time free and easy, and at 7 p.m., a grand Salvation meeting, in which God came in power. The arrow of conviction was planted deeply by Him in the hearts of sinners, and we closed the meeting with FOUR precious souls in the fountain, where they got nicely freed from sin. Praise God for a wonderful Saviour, who never turns any away. Hallelujah! CAPT. W. H. FRAZER.

HAMILTON HASH.

D. O. SWEETMAN.

Short Report.

FORT ERIE.—We give God the glory this morning for saving ONE precious soul since last report. LIEUT. STREET.

From House to House.

DELHI.—Since we have come to this small corner of God's vineyard we have been much blessed while working. We are doing house to house visiting, and in nearly every house the people gave us a hearty welcome, and we found some anxious about salvation. Our meeting were good on Sunday. At night the Rev. Mr. Tremble was with us and dealt out some salvation truths. Sinners were convicted and saints were blessed. We are believing for souls. CAPT. GLASS.

Under the Power.

PORT DOVER.—Since coming to this pretty little town we have been doing our best to defeat the devil and bring sinners to Jesus, and we can truly say that God has been with us and our labors have not been in vain. ONE poor sinner has sought and found salvation and many more are deeply convicted. Then our Roll-calls and holiness meetings have been times of power and blessing. Tuesday at Roll-call one sister under the power. Sunday morning three out for the blessing of sanctification, and after some real praying and wrestling with God all were enabled to sing, "Victory for me through the blood of Christ, my Saviour. Comrades, pray for us. We mean Port Dover for Jesus. CAPT. YERRY.

EAST N.S. DISTRICT.

D. O. COOPER.

Victory!

"Victory, victory!" is the song we sing. After working and believing for souls, God came to our help and He got to Himself the victory by saving ONE soul. Bless His dear name for ever. We take courage and go on in the strength of our King, who never knows defeat. JOHN FOR HENRY.

A Hearty Welcome.

SPRING HILL MINES.—After spending four very pleasant months in North Sydney, orders came for Spring Hill Mines, where I arrived on Monday, and was delighted with the hearty welcome they gave me. We set to work right away to do something for God, and after a very blessed meeting ONE young man volunteered out, and God gave him the victory. There are signs of abundance of rain here. It is a pleasure to see new faces on the platform, and they seem to be doing very well. Their testimonies seem quite definite, and the singing united and hearty. WRIGHT AND CONAN.

Don't fail to buy the new Song Book used by the O.H.T. when they are at your Station.

War Cry & Little Soldier

DIVISIONAL AND STATION

COMPETITION!

• Denotes a Rise. — ‡ Denotes a Fall.

★ Montreal Division.

MAJOR GLOVER.

Montreal I,	Capt.	Butler	650
Cornwall,	"	Viner	220
Morrisburg,	"	Payne	210
Lachute Mills,	"	Cardiff	175
Quebec II,	"	Lindsay	160
Brockville,	"	Topham	150
Montreal II,	"	McKenzie	140
Sherbrooke,	"	Daymond	130
•Prescott,	"	Broadbelt	125
Richmond,	"	Laing	120
Perth,	"	Batten	120
Chesterville,	"	Goodwin	120
Winchester,	"	McGinnes	110
Pembroke,	"	Savage	110
Bedford,	"	Watson	105
Knowlton,	"	Hinton	100
Kemptville,	"	Mavity	100
Cowansville	"	Snellgrove	95
Maxville,	"	Booth	90
Cobden,	"	Gamey	85
Almonte,	"	Parker	85
Coaticooke,	"	McKeen	80
Waterloo,	"	Graham	75
			3345

Training Home Division.

MAJOR MARGETTS.

Richmond St.,	Capt.	Woodgate	420
Lippincott,	"	Creighton	350
Ottawa,	Brig. "	Grayson	300
Temple,	"	Howell	260
Lisgar St.,	"	Clarke	210
Riverside,	Brig. "	Matthews	196
Brantford,	Brig. "	Hind	170
Yorkville,	"	Milner	150
Lippincott T.H.,	Staff-Capt.	Banks	150
West Toronto,	Capt.	Houston	130
Yorkville T.H.,	Adjt.	Taylor	130
Centre St.,	Capt.	Cragg	125
‡Arthur St.,	"	Warder	120
Parkdale,	"	Hendricks	100
Little York,	Cadet-Capt.	Edmonds	80
			2921

Chatham Division.

D. O. BOLTON.

Windsor,	Capt.	Hoag	400
Chatham,	"	Golden	360
Essex Centre	"	Wadds	195
Amherstburg,	"	New	130
Ridgetown,	"	Cowan	110
Wallaceburg,	"	Halpenny	90
Dresden,	"	Scarr	90
Blenheim,	"	Mahon	85
Leamington,	"	Wale	85
Kingsville,	"	Woodall	85
Dutton,	Lieut.	Sayer	80
Comber,	Capt.	Thackery	80
Bothwell,	"	Dyson	80
Thamesville,	"	Symons	75
Tilbury Centre,	"	Wiseman	75
Wheatley,	"	Holman	75
			2095

West Nova Scotia District.

D. O. BEATTY.

Halifax I,	Capt.	Fraser	330
Yarmouth,	"	Archibald	320
Windsor, N.S.,	"	Evans	250
Liverpool,	"	White	165
Halifax II,	"	McGilvery	130
Digby,	"	J. Allen	125
Lunenburg,	"	Hughes	120
Dartmouth,	"	Boyer	110
Annapolis,	"	Williams	110
Bear River	"	Knowsley	90
Bridgetown	"	H. Armstrong	90
Freeport,	"	Clements	90
			1930

London Division.

MAJOR PHILPOTT.

London,	Capt.	Kelly	375
Strathroy,	"	Walker	210
Stratford,	"	Gage	200
Goderich,	"	Sloto	170
Petrolia,	"	Maltby	145
Seaforth,	"	Drew	140
Sarnia,	"	Hilts	110
Clinton,	"	McOco	100
Mitchell,	"	Case	80
Watford,	"	Hunter	80
Parkhill,	"	Gibbs	75
			1685

Manitoba Division.

MAJOR MORRIS.

Winnipeg,	Capt.	Frith	600
Portage la Prairie	"	Lynes	335
Brandon,	"	Arkett	235
Morden	"	Iverach	140
Carbery,	"	Tierney	110
Neepawa,	"	Coato	110
Moose Jaw,	"	Foy	110
			1680

Woodstock Division.

D. O. SHARP.

Guelph,	Capt.	Hett	300
Woodstock,	"	Knight	270
Ingersoll,	"	Coombs	160
Galt,	"	Greatrex	150
St. Thomas,	"	Bach	130
Berlin,	"	Moore	110
Paris,	"	Bach	110
Norwich,	"	Massecar	90
Ayr,	"	Crosby	80
Acton,	"	Thompson	80
			1480

New Brunswick District.

D. O. MCINTYRE.

Fredericton,	Capt.	S. Matthews	350
St. Stephens,	"	Dyas	170
Amherst,	"	Steele	150
Woodstock, N.B.,	"	C. McLean	110
Chatham, N.B.,	"	Kimble	110
St. Andrews	"	McNamara	110
Moncton,	"	Hunter	100
Newcastle, N.B.,	"	Larder	90
Sackville,	"	Wheeler	80
St. George,	"	March	80
Northhead,	"	Desbrisay	80
			1430

British Columbia District.

D. O. SCOTT.

Victoria, B.C.,	Capt.	Ashton	325
Nanaimo,	"	Aikenhead	320
Vancouver,	"	Ham	310
New Westminster,	"	Will	225
Calgary,	"	Gurney	140
Kamloops,	"	Harris	100
			1420

East Nova Scotia District.

D.O. COOPER.

Charlottetown,	Capt.	Jewer	200
New Glasgow, N.S.,	"	A. McLean	200
Pictou,	"	Larder	200
Spring Hill Mines,	"	A. Wright	160
South Sydney	"	Bent	160
Truro,	"	Creighton	120
Westville,	"	Freer	120
North Sydney	"	Wolters	110
Parrsboro,	"	Gordon	80
			1350

Peterboro Division.

D. O. MARSHALL.

Peterboro'	Capt.	Brooks	300
Lindsay,	"	Webb	150
Cobourg,	"	Cooke	130
Port Hope,	"	White	105
Madoc,	"	Grant	90
Brighton,	"	McKinnon	90
Port Perry	Capt.	Way	85
Campbellford	"	Richards	85
Omeemee	"	Wood	85
Millbrook,	"	Rowan	75
Tweed	"	Wells	75
			1270

St. John T.H. District.

D.O. SOUTHALL.

St. John I, N.B.	Capt.	Yorke	550
St. John II,	"	Field	150
Carleton,	"	Snelling	140
St. John III,	"	E. Allen	130
Fairville,	"	McPherson	110
			1080

Hamilton Division.

D. O. SWEETMAN.

Hamilton I,	Capt.	McMillan	300
Niagara Falls	"	McNamara	150
St. Catharines,	"	Dawson	150
Dundas,	"	Pepper	110
Simcoe,	"	Irvine	105
Hamilton II,	"	Stubbs	105
			920

Toronto Division.

MAJOR SPOONER.

Bowmanville,	Capt.	Michiel	220
Oshawa,	"	G. Miller	180
Owen Sound,	"	Desson	130
Brampton,	"	W.J. Turner	105
Whitby,	"	Sheppard	95
Uxbridge,	"	Hassen	95
Shelburne,	"	Mudge	80
			905

Newfoundland Division.

MAJOR CALHOUN.

Newfoundland,	Major Calhoun	900

Kingston Division.

MAJOR BAUGH.

Kingston,	Capt.	Wellwood	320
Gananoque,	"	Gale	140
Belleville,	"	J. Watson	130
Picton,	"	Barker	120
Napanee,	"	White	60
			790

Barrie Division.

D. O. BODY.

Barrie,	Capt.	J. Jones	190
Parry Sound,	"	Addie	110
Orillia,	"	Morritt	110
Bracebridge,	"	M. A. Smith	85
			495

Palmerston District.

ADJUTANT COUSINS.

Palmerston,	Capt.	Andrews	115
Wingham,	"	Smith	110
Listowel,	"	Rennie	90
Wiarton,	"	Wynn	80
			395

MONTREAL MIXTURE.

MAJOR GLOVER.

Pray, Work, and Victory.

PEMBROKE.—Since last report we've been having high old times. We had Major Glover and Adjt. Veale here for a week-end, and the town was shaken up a bit. ONE MAN without any feet, a pedlar by trade, came and sought pardon, also three sisters, of whom TWO found what they came for. Did the soldiers rejoice? I tell you they did, and if you had seen Bros. —— jump around you would say we were a happy lot of people, even if we are peculiar. Then, our children's jubilee was a success. I'm sure the crowd who came were pleased and impressed by the beautiful singing, etc. God bless the children and Pembroke! We pray and work and believe for victory. LIEUT. F. MCKENZIE.

A General Improvement.

COBDEN.—Since our last report we have had with us Major Glover and Adjt. Veale, who did us good service. Praise God for TWO souls this week. Meetings good. Better sale for WAR CRYS. Collections better; and we mean to have victory. GAMEY & CAMPBELL.

Holy and Humble.

CARLETON PLACE.—We can shout victory this morning louder than ever from the depths of our hearts, and although we have just got here, yet God has come with us. We had the joy of seeing FOUR souls come to God and cry for mercy, and, bless the dear Lord, He has saved them through and through, and is keeping them. Praise the Lord! Cheer up, comrades, there is greater victories ahead. A little more faith, a little more prayer, a little more fire, and victory shall come. Lord, keep us holy and humble. LIEUT. KIDD.

Some Jacobizing Prayer.

KEMPTVILLE.—Although you have not heard from us lately we have not been dead nor sleeping, glory to God. The devil is being defeated here, his ranks are being broken. Meetings good all week. Tuesday night we had with us the Methodist minister, who gave a clear testimony to the saving and sanctifying power of God. Things are on the up grade here in every respect. When we met for knee-drill Sunday morning we claimed the power of God to save, got the victory there and then, and in the holiness meeting we were rejoicing over what we were going to see before we closed at night. The Lord seemed to try our faith, but after some real *Jacobizing* prayer the break came, and four sin-sick souls came out and Christ set them free. We have only a few soldiers, but thank God, some have spiritual back bone. Closed the day weary in body but rejoicing in heart. This is only the droppings, look out for the shower. LIEUT. NORMAN.

Old Time Ranters.

MORRISBURG.—Jesus did not pass us by without pouring out a big blessing upon us, when we had a proper shout of glory among the Israel of God, which resulted in the capture of THREE prisoners and a BACKSLIDER, and six tumbled into the fountain to be made every whit whole. The prisoners were on the march next night, feathers all gone. The soldiers here are real, old-fashioned ranters; they stick to their knees, and take hold of God in the prayer meeting, consequently souls are saved. Is it any wonder that a young lady went home from the meetings and could not rest? Lord, keep her in the pickle barrel and make the brine stronger until she comes. One convert said: "I have got it." What did she mean? Why, simply she had got salvation. Another's testimony: "Thank God, the devil's kingdom has been completely overthrown in my heart." Comrade S—— said: "If I saw any person having anything better than myself I was jealous of them and tried to get the same. But, thank God, that's all washed away." Are you free from covetousness? CAPT. PAYNE.

The Burden Gone.

PRESCOTT OUTPOST. — Praise God, we can report victory from this place. God bless the people here in Cardinal! They are a proper lot of people to help get up a banquet. God will reward them at the judgment bar. Last week THREE sinners got tired of living in sin and came and fell at the Saviour's feet, and just like Him He set them free and rolled the burden of sin off their hearts. May God save many more here in this place is our prayer. LIEUT. MORRS.

A Proper Motto.

BEDFORD.—I am thankful to say this morning "Jesus satisfies" and I have constant victory in my soul. Since coming here I have seen TWO souls seek the Saviour's face. One was a prodigal, but praise God, in returning home he found that there was a loving Saviour who would forgive all his backslidings and love him freely. Truely our God is good. Our prayer is this morning that many more prodigals and sinners will return and seek our Father's forgiveness. Our motto is—"The world for God."

Come, come, wanderer come,
There's plenty for thee in thy Father's home;
Come, come, wanderer come,
There's welcome and love in my Father's home. CAPT. WATSON.

After a Grand Fight.

CORNWALL.—After a grand fight for God in dear old Chesterville we farewelled and had to take charge of Cornwall, where God has already blessed our labors in giving us TEN backsliders and ONE soul. Glory to God! We also opened our little soldiers' meetings, and God gave us FOUR souls in the first meeting. We mean victory here. FLO VINER & MAGGIE MCCOO.

The Devil Howls.

SHERBROOKE.—The devil has been trying lately to upset us and has been howling round the camp, but once more he is defeated. Since last report THREE souls have left his ranks and enlisted in the Army of the Lord. It was nice to see the unsaved lads come up to the comrade who got saved last night and tell him that they were glad to see him take the step and promised him they would soon be there too. Our prayer is, "Oh, Lord, hasten the day." My soul believes. CAPT. DAYMOND.

The Tide Rising.

WEST WINCHESTER. — There is a burning hell awaiting the sinner and we have got this in view, and it makes us put forth every effort to save them, and thank God, it is not in vain; some are getting saved, and as one brother said, the tide is rising and on we go to victory. CAPT. MCGUINNESS.

God Bless the Children.

PEMBROKE. — We are having some splendid times here with the children. Our meetings are very well attended, and altogether we have good prospects of a real work being done amongst the little ones. Quite a number are always ready to testify, and some sing beautifully. None have been saved yet in the meetings, but we're going to conquer. CAPT. SAVAGE.

Get Them Saved, Captain.

STANSTEAD JUNCTION. — God is working. Although the crowds were not very large during the week yet God was never absent. Sunday was a blessed day. We had good crowds and good order and did all we could to get them to come to Jesus, but they still cling to the world and its pleasures. They would make grand soldiers if they were only saved. It seemed like heaven last night when they all began to sing and they do enjoy it so much. Our prayer is that they may get saved and help to roll the old chariot along. CAPT. M. GRUBB.

Notice!

MONTREAL III.—We Bonsecour people are neither dead nor sleeping, but alive and kicking the devil. God is helping us and giving us the victory. We are thankful to see more French people coming to our meetings. We all pitch in and tell them the simple story of the cross. Thank God, it does not take brilliant and eloquent discourses to lead them to the fountain or they would not get much of it. But it does take sound Gospel truth, and we know something about that. So it's victory. CAPT. BETTS.

A Visit From the Major and Adjutant.

RENFREW.—We had a visit from the Major and Adjutant the past week, and there were TWO seeking salvation. One testified to the saving power of God, but the other did not get through. A number of the soldiers were found seeking more of God, and if true to the vows made, Renfrew shall have a waking up which it needs. ALF ARMSTRONG.

NEXT WEEK'S "WAR CRY" will contain an account of

Commissioner Coombs' Welcome — IN — BRISBANE!

COMING EVENTS.

THE COMMISSIONER

ACCOMPANIED BY

MAJOR HOLLAND, Field-Secretary, and STAFF-CAPT. LEIGHTON,

WILL VISIT:

ORILLIA.....Monday.....March 30
STROUD.....Tuesday....." 31

IN NEWFOUNDLAND

He will be accompanied at the following places by

Major Holland, Staff-Captains Griffiths, Leighton, Adjutant Plant and the Musical Musketeers.

ST. JOHN'S N'fd.	Tuesday	April 5
BRIGUS	Wednesday	" 6
BAY ROBERTS	Thursday	" 10
HARBOR GRACE	Friday	" 11
CARBONEAR	Sat. and Sun.	" 12, 13
ST. JOHN'S, N'fd.	Mon. and Tues.	" 14, 15

NOTE—All these appointments will be carried into effect providing the weather permits and the boat runs.

The MUSICAL MUSKETEERS

CONSISTING OF

Staff-Capt. Griffiths, Adjutant Plant, Nellie Griffiths

—and—

The Colored Guitar Player

OF TORONTO, WILL VISIT

Bowmanville	March	8, 9
Port Hope	"	10
Cobourg	"	11
Trenton	"	12
Belleville	"	13
Napanee	"	14
Kingston	"	15, 16
Gananoque	"	17
Brockville	"	18
Prescott	"	19
Morrisburg	"	20
Cornwall	"	21
Montreal	"	22, 23

SPECIAL CAMPAIGNS.

Special Meetings will be held by Officers of Headquarters Staff as under:—

STAFF-CAPT. LEIGHTON,

Of the Army of Soldiers War will visit—

London, Sat., Sun., Mon., Mar. 8th, 9th, 10th. Windsor, Wed., Mar. 13th. Chatham, Tues., Mar. 11th. Essex Centre, Thurs. Mar. 15th.

On the War-Path for Candidates.

ADJUTANT MANTON

WILL VISIT

Tilbury Centre, Sat., Sun., March 8th and 9th. Chatham, Fri. March 14. Dutbwell, Sat. and Sun. March 15, 16.
Comber, Mon., Tues., 10th. Essex Centre, Tues., Mar. 11th. Amherstburg, Wed., Mar. 12th. Windsor, Thurs., March 13th. London, Mon., March 17. Strathroy, Tues., Mar. 18. Watford, Wed., Mar. 19. Petrolia, Thurs., Mar. 20. Sarnia, Fri., March 21.

NOTE—The Adjutant will see intending applicants at the officers quarters anywhere after 3 p.m.

STAFF-CAPT. GRIFFITHS

(The Welsh Minstrel)

WILL VISIT

Blenheim, March 8, 9, 10 Chatham " 11. Hidgetown, March 12. H. Dutton, " 13.

TRAINING HOME DIVISION.

Great Anniversary Demonstrations AT YORKVILLE,

ON SATURDAY, SUNDAY, MONDAY, MARCH 15, 16, 17.

Major Margetts and other Specials. Banquet and Jubilee, Monday, 17th.

LITTLE YORK, Mar. 22, 23, 24.

Major Margetts, Capts. Clarke, Cragg and Specials. Banquet and Jubilee, on Monday, 24th.

Major Margetts will Conduct GREAT SINGING BATTLES at the following places:

Arthur St., Mon., Mar. 10. Dundas St., Tues., Mar. 11. Lisgar St., Wed., Mar. 12. Sumach St., Thurs. 13. Bayview Ave., Fri. 14. Richmond St., Thurs. 20. Chalmers St., Fri., Mar. 21. Bayview Ave., Sat., Mar. 22. Queen St., Mon., Mar. 24. Riverside, Wed., Mar. 19. Temple, Thurs., Mar. 20. Queen St., Mon., Mar. 21.

Trade Department.

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Sinning Blocks.
Stray Thoughts from America, illustrated.
Called to the Work, illustrated.
Stumdom in Glasgow.
Swedish Sketches, illustrated.
Spicy Breezes, illustrated.
Exterminating the Race in Switzerland.
Mitije, or A Cape Lassie.
Mattie; a Story for Children, illustrated.
United by the War.
The Month's Meetings.
Mrs. Booth's Condition.
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4. "The Wondrous Story."
5. "The Amen Song."
6. "I'll Follow all the Way."
7. "The Love of Jesus."
8. "The Judgment Day."

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No. 122.—"By Thy Cross I come Lord," "Spanish Chant," "Before the Cross," "Like the Billows."

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OF THE

SALVATION ARMY.

WHAT WE TEACH. - PRICE 15 CENTS.

Every Intending Candidate should Read and study this Book.

NOTE.

Any Information and Price List can be obtained on application to TRADE SECRETARY, Salvation Temple, Toronto.

OFFICIAL NOTICES.

1. *It is very important that the Adjutant Officers or Soldiers should see the Commissioner at the War Office, Toronto, previously make an application by letter, if so, and he will then arrange for an hour per return post, otherwise he cannot arrange to see any Officer. This rule will be carried into effect in the future.*
2. *All matters referring to Candidates and applications for the work, should be addressed to the COMMISSIONER, Salvation Temple, Toronto.*

NOTE.—*This refers to the Eastern, Western and Newfoundland Divisions as well as Ontario and Quebec. Will every Officer please make a special note of this so that they may inform all intending Candidates.*

Come Home

THOMAS McGILL.—Wanted to know his present address. He worked with Mr. Gurnell, printer, Toronto. Left in the year of the McKenzie rebellion. His father was discharged Sergeant-Major from 1st Royal Scots. His sister Mary Ann wishes him to write to her immediately. Address, Mrs. Mary Ann Bain, Balladuff, Maniven, Ont. 8,9,10.

JAMES McCARTER, a child of 12 or 13 years, left Port Hope in August 1864 (during the American war). Last seen on board the steamer crossing to Rochester, N. Y. Your friends have tried every means in their power to trace you. Herbert, Annie, and your father are dead, your mother who will soon follow them would be rejoiced to see you once more. Any person knowing anything about the above will confer a great kindness by addressing his sister Kate, in care of Capt. Bone, Salvation Army, Rockwood, Ont., Canada. American *Cry* please copy. 8,9,10.

JOHN BOWES, last heard of at the Union Hotel, Simcoe St., Toronto, will please communicate with Miss Hope Shearsmith, Dovercourt Post Office Toronto, as she is anxious to hear from him. 8,9,10.

GEORGE WHEELER, left Canada about 45 years ago and has not been heard from since. Anyone knowing of his whereabouts please communicate with his brother who is very anxious to hear from him. Charles Wheeler, Brooklin, Ont. 1,2,10.

ALFRED LATTEMORE. If this should come to his eyes, or anybody knowing his whereabouts please write to his sister Mrs. Eliza Emerton, Glen William, Ontario, Canada. When last heard of, about 8 years ago, he was at Salford, England. All *Cry* please copy. 1,2,10.

JAMES DAWSON, son of Archibald Dawson, Pugwash, Nova Scotia. Left home about 30 years ago, was in Sacremento City, California. If this meets his eye, or anyone knowing anything about him, dead or alive, will they please write to his sister Mrs. Margaret Campbell, Rockley, Cumberland County, Nova Scotia. 1,2,10.

EDWIN HUNTT left Burton, Somersshire, England, twenty years ago. Last heard of in California. If this should meet his eye or anyone knowing his whereabouts, will they kindly communicate with his father, Joseph Hunt, Gravenhurst, Ont. 22,2,10.

Wanted.—Information of DAVID WALE who left Warwickshire, England, about sixteen years ago. When last heard of he was in New Zealand. Will he please write to his niece, Capt. Nellie Wale. Address Salvation Temple, Toronto, Ont., Canada. Australian and New Zealand *Cry* please copy. 22,2,10.

ALEXANDER ARTHURS who left St. John, N.B., about twenty years ago for Boston. If this should meet his eye will he please write to his sister, Mrs Venablee, formerly Ann Arthurs, of Ireland, who is now living in Sarnia. Address Sarnia P.O., Ont. 22,2,10.

CLEMENT MUANSIE, when last heard from, two years ago, he was employed by a rancher in Montana. Will any person knowing of his whereabouts communicate with Mr. Chisman, of Westville, Nova Scotia. 22,2,10.

THE LITTLE SOLDIER. ONE CENT PER COPY, 8 cents per annum. Printed with all S. A. publications, at the PRINT PRINTING HOUSE, 10 Albert St., Toronto, Ont.

THE WAR CRY CONTAINS ALL THE LATEST news of the war, with original articles by the General, Mrs. Booth and Addresses and Songs by all Officers and Soldiers. There is no more effective way to spread Salvation than by increasing the circulation of the WAR CRY, which is circulated, we aim to sustain and intensify the devotion of the Army to Christ Jesus and to make it a mighty and energetic attack upon the kingdom of the world, and the most powerful efforts to save the kingdom of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ. Published, with all S.A. publications, at the PRINT PRINTING HOUSE, 10 Albert Street, Toronto, Ont.